New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVI · No. 1435 SATURDAY · 13 SEPTEMBER 1958 NINEPENCE

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Comments on the Week's News

Confusion on the French Left

Any hope there may once have been that the French Socialist Party would use the occasion this week-end of its 50th Congress to relieve itself of the incubus of Guy Mollet can be forgotten. The only outcome which remains unpredictable on the eve of the Congress is whether the minority will once more agree to be flattened by Mollet's steamroller and to accept the majority decision, or whether they will now decide to quit the party. There are some significant signs of revolt – especially in the federations of Paris and Seine-et-Oise. The readmission, for instance, by the Paris federation of André Philip is a deliberate gesture of defiance: it will be recalled that Philip was expelled last January for accusing Guy Mollet in print of 'degrading and besmirching the name of Socialism'. Meanwhile the Radicals too are meeting this week-end; and with them the outcome of the *Oui* versus *Non* struggle is much less clear. Mendès-France has thrown his whole weight against de Gaulle, and his influence could be decisive. But the Radicals are loosely organised by comparison with the other main parties, and party discipline is rarely enforced. So even if Mendès-France does win a victory at the conference, its importance will be largely moral. The weakness of the *Non* faction lies mainly in its lack of alternative. The basic proposition of government propaganda is: 'Turn down the constitution and the General goes back to his plough' – with all the implication of a return to the Fourth Republic. To counter this, Mendès-France has proposed that, immediately after the referendum, a constituent assembly, elected on a single-member constituency basis as in England, should be convened to consider afresh the whole problem of the constitution. But proposals of this kind are too late and too indefinite to carry weight against the implicit threat of the Right that, if de Gaulle goes, the paratroops will move in.

Foot Flies Back

The Governor of Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot, has returned to the island in an even more ambiguous position than when he left for London last week. He rightly believes that the decision to return Archbishop Makarios to the centre of the stage cannot await a formal renunciation in the island of violence. So long as the security forces make war on Eoka, violence and counter-violence is unavoidable. Sir Hugh obviously hopes that Makarios back in Cyprus could wield a restraining influence on the forces of Greek nationalism. The Cabinet, and particularly Mr Lennox-Boyd, are sceptical, and not altogether unreasonably. The Archbishop can hardly be expected to persuade Eoka that they should allow the security forces to trample over them or that they should surrender to the British. In any case Makarios will certainly go to the United Nations and may well feel that at the present moment, when the British administration is openly flouting the Greek view, his presence in Cyprus could be of little advantage to anyone. Unless the British government reverses its policy and is prepared to discuss and negotiate with the Greeks, the Archbishop would be forced to put himself at the head of the Greek struggle against the balance of the Cyprus administration. At this moment a more important factor than the Archbishop's return is the intention of the government to impose the Macmillan plan against unanimous Greek hostility. The flash-point of this policy will certainly be the appointment of a Turkish Commissioner by 1 October. This British insistence on encouraging the participation of Ankara in the affairs of the island infuriates the Greek Cypriots and is dangerously exacerbating feelings in Athens. If Britain continues to push ahead with the plan in association with the Turks and in defiance of Greek opposition, the risk is not only of provoking all-out conflict with Greek Cypriots, but of inducing a crisis in Anglo-Greek relations. Public opinion in Greece is becoming rapidly and dangerously hostile to the western world, as Britain and America continue to appease Turkey and to show contempt for Greek reactions. The Greek government has to consider its own status with its electorate: it is increasingly conscious that Anglo-American policy is playing right into the hands of Greek Communists. It is no exaggeration to predict that a continuation of this policy could force the Greek government to leave Nato and declare itself neutral – and that in itself would destroy the strategic value of Turkey. Every indication points to the fact that if complete disaster is to be avoided in Cyprus itself – and in the relations between Britain, Greece and Turkey over the Cyprus issue – yet another new start must be made, this time with a genuine intention of finding a solution acceptable to both communities instead of playing off one against the other. It may be that Sir Hugh Foot, continually placed in an ambilavent position by the Colonial Office and his own military forces, is no longer capable of achieving this task.

Schools in Court

The Little Rock case, on which the US Supreme Court will rule this week, is the first real challenge to come back to the Court since its original decision against segregation in 1954. The case is of crucial importance, for on its outcome depend both a series of other school cases which have been stood over until this one has been decided, and the future course of resistance in the South. With the beginning of the new school year, Negro children have been admitted to a few more schools on the fringe of the South, and there are court cases awaiting a decision in several Virginia towns. (Both Virginia and Arkansas have taken powers to close any schools which the federal courts declare must be integrated.) In one case – the town of Arlington which is a suburb of Washington – the opening of a school has been deferred until the Court ruling is known. If, as seems likely, the Court insists that the Little Rock decision stands, and Governor Faubus seeks to evade or defy it, the President will once more be forced to decide whether to use the troops to uphold the authority of the federal courts. While attention has been focused on Little Rock, non-compliance with the Court remains the rule in the greater part of the South; even in the border areas, where integration has been accepted in principle, less than half the Negro children are in integrated classes – most of them in Maryland and Missouri and the city of Washington. At the same time, in a small Georgia town, the Justice Department has brought the first case under the Civil Rights Act of 1957, designed to protect the right of Negroes to vote. The test case, involving five Negroes, is likely to go through all the levels of court action right up to the Supreme Court. But it is a valuable precedent.

The Division of the Cake

The most significant figure in the tables of national income and expenditure published this week is that which shows that national income rose, in real terms, by only 1½ per cent. in 1957-8. Though the increase was larger in money terms, much of the nominal rise of 6 per cent. is accounted for by the rise in prices. The economy, in short, has slowed down. This increase is the smallest for the last five years, and it is less than half the average increase in the last decade. Since personal incomes as a whole, and wages in particular, rose at the same rate, there was clearly little or no demand-inflation: but the pattern of cost-inflation is confirmed by rising prices. It now seems that the Cohen Committee, appointed to save the country from inflation, began its work just as the situation changed. Whatever may have been true of the preceding 12 months, the committee was preparing its reports at a time when economic stagnation was checking the rise in wages – but not the rise in costs. The 1957-8 figures also show that the white-collar class continues to grow. There has been a substantial increase in the share of the cake going to salaried employees, not so much because individual salaries have risen faster than wages, but because the number of salary-earners is increasing rapidly. The most striking change on the expenditure side has been the sharp rise in spending on food, and on durable goods such as cars, TV sets and washing machines.

Preparing for Scarborough

There is a curious omission from the annual report of the Labour National Executive which is likely to provoke questions at Scarborough. It makes no comment on the 'anti-test' campaign which the party leadership launched at a Trafalgar Square rally and carried on through regional conferences of party members. The failure to carry this campaign to the public, and the omission of any mention in the report, are likely to confirm the suspicion in the minds of many delegates that this operation was designed more to take the wind out of the sails of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmanent than to influence public opinion or the government. There are rumours that an attempt will be made to rule many of the 'bomb' resolutions off the agenda, on the grounds that the same subject cannot be discussed in two consecutive years. If this happens, the failure of the annual report to mention the test campaign would be useful, since there would be no relevant paragraphs in the report on which delegates could start an impromptu bomb debate. The report does give a long report, however, on another difficult matter – relations with the Co-operative movement. After delicate negotiations, a bargain has now been struck. Co-op MPs will agree to accept Labour standing orders completely, on the understanding that there will be 'consultation' if matters of 'special concern' to the Co-ops arise. This is unimportant. The new principle established lies in the decision to 'freeze' the number of Co-op MPs and candidates at the present level, and to arrange for a new quota after each election. This illogical expedient may work in practice, but it sets a strange precedent. Are there to be other horse-deals in the future, by which the number of miners, or engineers and shop assistants in the House will be decided by the party leaders?

News from Our Own Correspondents

Notting Hill

Two Ways of Life

I was abroad when the rows broke out in Notting Hill and read nothing about them. But on my first day home I went, unprejudiced, into the area and here is my first, quick impression of the background of resentments which were easily exploited.

When West Indians first arrived there, the comparatively few white people who took any notice received something of a shock. Brought up in school on the 'black brother' tradition, they had expected West Indians to be 'inferior' and were prepared to receive them with affectionate tolerance. But they found that the West Indians, for the most part, are not, and do not act, 'inferior'. Many of them walk naturally with a bit of a swagger, some have enough money to buy houses and even cars on a sharing basis, nearly all have enough money to dress their children quite expensively. This contrast between what was expected and what happened in fact has been one cause of resentment.

As more West Indians settled in and more people began to notice them, there was another cause for resentment. They had different habits from white people. They sat outside on the balconies which fringe many of the decaying houses, and even sat there with bare feet. They picked over the fruit on market stalls and loudly criticised the stall-holder when he tried to pass what seemed to be inferior produce. They talked loudly among themselves – and their strange accent made ordinary conversation seem like quarrelling – they played gramophones or radio sets at full blast, their children wore exotically coloured clothes. These differences, trivial in themselves, together produced distrust and even underlying fear. People, it was felt, who would stand barefoot in the street polishing their cars might well be capable of more sinister actions.

I was told that one pitiful old white lady had been driven nearly frantic by the noise which a West Indian family were making on the floor above her. Great resentment was expressed about this in the neighbourhood. But when I went to the house, I found that there was no old lady living there and never had been and that the only elderly person in the place was so deaf that I had to repeat my questions several times. But the rumours persist; and so do others like one that the West Indians had bought up all the jack-knives in Woolworth's and intended to 'do' the market on the following Saturday. Nothing happened on the following Saturday or on any other Saturday, but there are still people who will tell you that the 'niggers' are going to 'do' the market next week.

Resentment due to misconceptions and the 'strangeness' of the West Indians was increased by more real causes. One was that some West Indians are wholly unused to water closets. The smell angers their white neighbours. Many other whites, suffering severe overcrowding themselves, are angered that West Indians are getting accommodation at all. Although the West Indians are in fact clubbing together to buy old property, most people seem to be convinced that they are getting priority for council houses.

Nothing in all this would produce anything like race riots, of itself. But for years, this area, along with its respectable, hardworking middle- and working-class families, has had a section which is variously described as 'floating' and 'submerged' – floating *in* that it moves from borough to borough, submerged in that its standard of life is well below a welfare state minimum. Some of its members are louts who have frequent clashes with the police. It was they who, inspired perhaps by events in Nottingham, and as a variant to their normal street rows, attacked the neighbouring West Indians. Though normally the ordinary Notting Hill inhabitant dislikes the louts and is angered by their street behaviour, during the recent trouble, because of all the petty resentments just below the surface, public opinion seemed to back the louts or remain neutral.

But since the rows, there are signs of a change. This week I saw many black and white people together, discussing the rows on the street corners and out of windows; and this, I was told, was previously unheard of. Perhaps the rows have given white and black one point of contact at last. I certainly believe that if the council of this Royal Borough will only take a little trouble, it has the chance now to prevent these troubles recurring. It could easily send welfare officers round gently advising the West Indians that people can have too much of noise or telling them how a lavatory works. It might even set its own example of cleanliness by sweeping the pavements in the dirtier quarters of the borough and by seeing that enough dustbins are provided for overcrowded blocks of flats. Also it could take the trouble to make more widely known how small is the proportion of West Indians who are on public assistance, and how few have been allotted council houses. Given such action, I believe the trouble will subside; but without it, there is still a real danger that Fascist trouble-makers, arriving in the area to cash in, may find it fruitful ground.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Bonn

East German Refugees

A Correspondent writes: Public opinion in the Federal Republic has been more than usually disturbed over the latest phase of the German refugee problem. The exodus from the German Democratic Republic (DDR) during the past month has even led to appeals to the USSR to stop this 'gruesome game' of harassing East Germans beyond the limits of human endurance, and so forcing them to seek asylum elsewhere. These refugees have escaped to West Berlin (the frontiers between the DDR and the Federal Republic are too well guarded by *Volkspolizei*) where the reception camps are momentarily overcrowded until transfers westward are made. Most significant, however, is not the recent slight increase in refugees, but that this exodus still continues. More than two millions have been registered in the last nine years, and, of these, 130,000 crossed over between January and August 1958.

The new arrivals demonstrate once again that a sharper political wind in the DDR will always carry many westward. The reasons they give generally correspond with the issues being played up in the West Berlin press at the time. It may be opposition to youth consecration ceremonies (*Jugendweihe*) or to increased work quotas. But in reality it is a general weariness with the Communist regime, and a feeling of despair that it will continue unchanged.

Since the fifth congress of the SED (Communist Party) last July, any lingering hopes of improvement have entirely disappeared. Then, it was announced that the 'socialisation' of the DDR would be completed by 1965; and in view of developments in the Soviet bloc and of Herr Ulbricht's fanaticism, most people assume this will be accomplished.

The most recent refugees have been intellectuals, small traders, artisans and farmers. Among the intellectuals have been doctors, scientists and teachers. They have hitherto been well treated in the DDR as far as material conditions are concerned. But they now see that such benefits will shortly have to be paid for by the surrender of the last remains of their intellectual freedom. The possibility of their sons and daughters being able to continue their education at higher institutions is also disappearing rapidly.

It is in this connection that the 400th anniversary of the University of Jena celebrations are important. The new era of 'socialisation of culture', with Jena as its inspiration, was to have been inaugurated by Professor Joseph Haemel, the Rector until 22 July. But the famous dermatologist refused and fled to West Berlin. His successor, Professor Otto Schwarz, a member of the SED, had no such qualms of conscience. It was natural that Jena should have been chosen. The university which granted Karl Marx a doctorate (*in absentia*), which has had on its staff men like Fichte, Hegel, Schelling and Schiller, seemed the appropriate choice.

This is only the preliminary to the introduction of a new statute for universities and high schools in the DDR. This is already known to be in draft form. According to this, all institutions of higher learning will be completely controlled by the political authorities. Such control has been most rigid hitherto; but some of the older professors, because of their reputations and technical knowledge, were allowed to wander somewhat from the straight party line. This will no longer be possible.

According to the new 'socialistic reorganisation', the senate of each institution will be responsible for the education of the students on Marxist-Leninist lines. When doctorates or higher degrees are granted, or when appointments and preferments are made, care must be taken about the candidates' 'social consciousness'. Should any decrees of any educational institution contradict the aim of 'Socialist development' they can be cancelled by the Ministry of Education. All deliberations of any senate must be reported in writing, and a copy of that report sent to the Ministry. University institutions must co-operate with the local SED, Communist trade union and the Communist youth organisation; and delegates from such organisations, as well as others from the nationalised undertakings, are to serve on all senate councils and faculty committees.

New York

The $1,500 Answer

From Mr Dulles's latest excursion to the brink and the grim tensions of autumn schooldays in the South, it is almost a relief to turn, as many Americans evidently have, to the uncomplicated scandals of television. To the sophisticated, the undoing of the quiz and giveaway shows has probably afforded more entertainment than the shows themselves ever provided, and for their devotees there is at least the self-righteousness induced by skullduggery among the mighty.

The crisis began when a stand-by contestant on a particularly inane show called *Dotto* noticed a woman participant studiously going over some notes just before her appearance. Managing to

get an ungentlemanly look, he discovered that the contestant had been fed all the answers, and with this vital bit of information he extracted $1,500 from one of the programme's officials in return for a vow of eternal silence. In the multi-million-dollar quiz show business, however, $1,500 is an affront to one's dignity, and after a bit of brooding the stand-by took his sordid tale to the public authorities.

No sooner was *Dotto* buried in quicklime than scandal broke out on *Twenty-One*, a show of higher calibre and much greater wealth. A contestant named Herbert Stempel, who had taken in $49,500 in prize money while still a college boy, came forward to attest that he had often been given questions and answers in advance, so that the show could build up suspense, and then been talked into giving wrong answers when the producers felt in need of a fresh face on the programme. What's worse, poor fellow, he had to pretend in public that he didn't know where the Taj Mahal was, and he had been systematically coached in the gestures and grimaces of anguished thought – all for money, some of which he got in advance, and the promise of a permanent job.

Stempel's charges have been flatly denied by the producers of *Twenty-One*, but the public appears to be taking the stern view it habitually assumes toward even the hint of corruption in any endeavour but business and government. Immediate soundings indicate that it is turning away from these television displays of the intellect in favour of such staples as cowboy pictures, which are 'fixed' only in the sense that they are as immutable as classic Chinese drama.

Now that the taint of sin is upon the giveaway shows, evidence is forthcoming that even their lavish gifts are not always what they appear to be. Newspaper columnists and others have been piling up letters from aggrieved contestants whose seeming good fortune had watered the mouths of millions. Some complain that they were induced, as the price of appearing on a show, to agree in advance to return the sable furs, plush convertibles, and six-room ranch houses, which they might win with such noisy fanfare, in exchange for modest sums of cash. Others tell of 'luxury trips' to Europe that consisted solely of airplane-coach tickets.

The net result is that childish games appear to be through on television – until some giant brain comes up with a way to rouse the innocents again with a brilliant financial twist on Ring Around the Rosie.

ROBERT BENDINER

Fleet Street

Cheaper News

For the first time for nine years a conference is being convened in Geneva by the International Telecommunication Union. It will be attended by the delegates of 92 countries – East-West differences have at no time, it is worth noting, interfered with the completely international character of the ITU – and there seems a good chance that there may come out of it a number of developments of considerable importance to the press.

I have a personal interest in this project, because six years ago I was asked by Unesco to make a survey of international communications and of the obstacles to the free transmission of news raised by the high cost of press cables and radio transmission, lack of facilities and other such factors. This survey led to a number of recommendations by Unesco to the Social and Economic Committee of the United Nations and to its member states. Unesco now informs me that all the major proposals I made are to be placed before the Geneva conference with the backing of more than 30 governments. They have already received strong support from the main international press organisations, including the International Federation of Newspaper Publishers, the International Press Institute, the Commonwealth Press Union and the International Federation of Journalists.

One of the problems of world news coverage at present is the immense disparity between cable rates in various parts of the world and the fact that it so happens that costs tend to be highest from exactly those areas from which what is most needed is a steady flow of background news – whereas when rates are high the temptation is to keep down costs by sending only what is sensational. There is the further fact that extraordinary differences exist in the cost of transmitting news between exactly the same points according to which direction it is travelling: it costs nearly three times as much, for instance, to cable news from Moscow to London as it does from London to Moscow, and more than three times as much to send news from Athens to London as from London to Athens. In the Middle East it costs between eight and nine times as much to send news to London from Syria, or Iran, as from Israel or Jordan. And in South and Central America rates can vary by as much as 2,400 per cent. according to which side of a frontier you file your news.

This is one aspect of the problem of a balanced flow of international news which it now seems possible the ITU conference will deal with. Another, no less important, is the whole question of facilities for an adequate flow of news to the underdeveloped countries of Africa and Asia. In many instances these lack not only adequate physical facilities for news transmission but are the subject of all sorts of restrictions which make a bad situation worse. The most efficient way of getting at any rate a basic world news service to the newspapers and radio services of countries such as these is by means of multiple address newscasts from the big international agencies such as Reuters, AP and UP of America and Agence France-Presse. This involves the use of beamed radio services capable of being received at a large number of scattered points. All the main world news agencies operate such services: Reuters, for instance, leases transmitters from the Post Office for seven Globe-Reuter services capable of covering almost the entire world. But a number of countries do not allow such transmissions or make their cost prohibitive, and in many cases all sorts of obstacles to cheap reception are imposed at the receiving end. In some countries individual newspapers are not allowed to pick up these services, though technically they can do so with ease. They have to get them from a government receiving station which in some cases imposes a censorship. In others, excessive reception charges make the receipt of such a service almost as costly as direct cabling. Here, too, the ITU conference will be asked to promote reforms. Other proposals aim to establish uniform conditions for the operation of leased teleprinter lines and telephoto services and to cheapen the rates for press telephone calls. Finally the ITU will be asked to establish a study group, on which press organisations and international news agencies will be represented alongside telecommunication experts and government representatives, to keep the whole business of facilities for transmitting world news under constant review. Hitherto, the idea of bringing the press into regular consultation has been resisted.

Some governments and telecommunication administrations are likely to resist lest they lose revenue although in fact there is a good deal of evidence to suggest that wider facilities and cheaper rates will so increase the total value of news messages – most of them outside the peak times for commercial and private business – that no one will be any the worse off.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Civil War in Washington

PEACE now hangs on a slender thread which either Washington or Peking may break, not from a deliberate desire to start a war, but by miscalculation. For both sides are engaged in a dangerous game of bluff: neither is sure what cards the other holds, nor what cards may be played if an incident occurs in the Formosa Straits. Mr Dulles may believe that Mao will bow to a show of strength just as Stalin gave way before the Berlin airlift; that nuclear weapons could be used against the Chinese mainland in a limited war; and that, if the worst comes to the worst, the Soviet Union will avoid a direct clash with the United States. But that is mere guesswork, just as Mao may be gambling that the President would not give the signal for war if a limited operation were mounted against Quemoy, or that America's allies would once again prove strong enough to stop America going it alone. Both sets of guesses could be right, but all we know about the present attitude of both China and the United States suggests that both are wrong. Any sane analysis of the situation must start from the assumption that serious fighting around Quemoy would rapidly develop into a general conflict.

Mr Krushchev seems to take this view. Though he has publicly given Peking a pledge of support, and sought to persuade President Eisenhower that Washington should not gamble on limiting a war to a Korean-style conflict on the South China Coast, he is plainly anxious to avoid incidents that might willy-nilly lead to a large-scale clash – and it is probable that privately he has persuaded the Chinese to go slow and to keep open the line of communication through the ambassadors in Warsaw. The same assumption must be made by America's allies. Despite the brusque way in which Dulles brushed off allied opinion on Tuesday, with the words 'we have the treaty obligations and the force, and we cannot say that we will not do anything unless 45 allies agree with us', he is not the all-wise champion of western civilisation, whose word is law, but a party politician endeavouring to shore up a policy which does not command a majority even in his own country.

This is the simple fact, which was true when this disastrous Far East policy was first imposed on the United States, and remains true today. The Republican Party seized on the Chinese issue after 1948, when it was unexpectedly defeated by President Truman, and became desperate for some means to regain office after nearly 20 years in the wilderness. At the moment when the Chinese civil war was being lost by Chiang in China, it became part of the internal politics of Washington: by blaming the Democrats for the loss of China to the Communists, the Republicans made a sensible policy towards Peking

impossible. Step by step – and, of course, the Korean War and Stalin's provocative policy in Europe helped the process – the China Lobby established its ascendancy. Just as Chiang knew that his only hope of regaining the mainland lay in involving the United States in war with Peking, so the Republican right-wing saw the 'betrayal' of Chiang as one of the levers by which the Democrats could be toppled out of office. It is easy to forget how powerful this partnership became, or how much damage it did in the United States: one of its greatest successes was (with the assistance of Senators McCarthy and McCarran) to purge the State Department's Far East section of reasonable and experienced officials and install the pro-Chiang faction at their desks. With the help of General MacArthur, it almost succeeded in embroiling the US in war with China; with the support of Admiral Radford, then the head of the chiefs of staff, it brought America to the brink of atomic intervention at Dien Bien Phu; and, in 1955, it engineered a mood of panic in Congress over the first Quemoy crisis in which the Formosa Declaration was passed with only a few dissenting votes.

In each of these crises – and, it should be remembered, there was the presumption of American atomic supremacy which is now no longer valid – the United States drew back. Why? Because there was opposition to 'the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time' within the US administration, and because that opposition was reinforced by strong protests from America's allies. Unable to take a sensible line towards China because of pressure from the China Lobby and the intrigues of Chiang, the administration was equally unwilling to risk a war which its allies would not support and its most sensible military advisers regarded as folly. Each time, therefore, the crisis was passed without anything being done which might make a future crisis less likely. Today we are seeing the result of this game of pull devil, pull baker. It cannot go on like this: at some point, if war is to be avoided, the Chinese civil war must be fought to a finish in Washington.

At the moment, however, it continues. Till this week, Mr Dulles has kept the matter largely in his own hands. He has arrogantly told a press conference at which he was faced with hostile questions that the situation is too 'delicate and difficult' for public appraisal, and that there were problems about consulting the leaders of Congress during the summer recess. No one, it seems, may be permitted to speak except those who are willing to echo the Dulles line. This cult of personal policy is even carried to the point where Dulles takes it upon himself (disguised as 'a high-level spokesman') to put a special gloss upon the President's views. What the President said, or appeared to say last week-end, is not what Dulles paid the words to mean when he rushed back to Washington to 'interpret' the more cautious warning issued from Rhode Island.

Once again, it seems, the administration is divided. Mr Dulles and General Twining are ready to run the risk of a limited war with tactical nuclear weapons – just as Mr Dulles and Admiral Radford were ready to run that risk in Indo-China. But General Taylor, the Army chief of staff, is objecting just as General Bradley objected previously: other objectors in the National Security Council seem to include Vice-President Nixon, the senior officials in the Defence Department, and the military men who are Eisenhower's personal friends and, like the President, belong to the Marshall-Bradley faction in the US army. Last week-end they seemed to have the President's ear, and the decision to accept Chou's offer of ambassadorial talks was probably a victory won against the opposition of the Secretary of State and the supporters of Chiang in the State Department.

In this complicated internal struggle, the opinion of America's allies will influence the moderates, even if it makes Dulles more convinced that he alone is fit to be the arbiter of peace, or war. And for that reason, the press and politicians of America's allies and of the non-committed nations have a special responsibility. If they speak loudly and clearly enough, they will be heard by the majority opinion in the US which Dulles is seeking to confuse or silence. Even if Dulles cannot reach the more important members of Congress, they will read the newspapers which put the stern phrases of *The Times* or the forceful statement of the Labour Party on their front pages; they will also note the omen of the Maine elections, which suggest that the Republican Party is on the eve of catastrophe at the polls. They must act before the Republican campaign slogans of 1950 produce a world catastrophe in 1958 at the Formosa Straits.

A Challenge to Britain

MIGRATION is, of course, one of the facts of life. It is as old as humanity. It is still a matter of high economic and human significance.

In modern times the white man has migrated into every coloured country that offered opportunity. But the current migration of moderately large numbers of coloured people into a white country is something new. And since race prejudice is another of the facts of life and is at its most intense where the racial difference is sharply visible – in other words, where colour is involved – the combination of race and colour prejudice is a matter with grave and serious implications.

If the current troubles in England which have profoundly shocked and disturbed West Indian opinion, and indeed liberal opinion the world over, are to be mitigated, it is as well to accept without rancour these elementary considerations. It is no use trying to put out a fire if you don't know what is burning.

Jamaicans, and indeed all West Indians, have a long tradition of migrating in search of work. Unemployment is chronic in the West Indies and hard to overcome in countries with scant or negligible basic resources.

The migration to England began when the last war was over and thousands of West Indians who had been in the armed services remained to take up life in England on the basis of the skills they had acquired during the war. It was natural that their presence here should result in a trickle of people across the seas – relatives and friends – and the trickle grew to a flood when England needed more workers to make up for the flood of her own people migrating out to Australia, Canada and all over the world.

It is well to remember in this connection two important facts. First, that over the past ten years England has been and continues to be, a persistent net exporter of people; and, secondly, that the migrants to England, West Indian and others, found it easy to get work, filled a gap, and proved useful and teachable citizens in this country.

Admittedly the position today is different – a fairly high proportion of coloured migrants are out of work. The number, a mere 17,000, is small; the percentage, 8 per cent., is high by comparison with the overall figure of 2 per cent. for all England. As against that, it must be remembered that the numbers coming over now are much less than they were two years ago, and will, I think, steadily grow less. But let it never be forgotten that once a strong outward flow of migration starts, the evidence tends to show that for a considerable time nothing that happens in the country of origin will appreciably check it. What checks it quickest and most surely is what happens in the country to which the flow is directed.

That is why the economic improvement in Jamaica in the last five years has not yet had much effect on the outward migration. That is why, to give a classic example, the migration of Puerto Ricans to New York, a migration that has put nearly three-quarters of a million Puerto Ricans into that city, was not checked by Puerto Rico's magnificent economic advance; but, in fact, in 1953, the very year when Puerto Rico could claim to have finally turned the corner and got on the high road to prosperity, an all-time record of 79,000 Puerto Ricans left for the United States!

The difficulties that the present minor economic recession in England are causing do not, however, explain these recent and unhappy events. We hear talk of housing problems, of the fear of losing jobs, of the effect, magnified and enlarged, of the bad conduct of a few wrong-doers among the migrants, of incompatible habits. These things exist, but do not fully account for the recent explosions all over the place. These things existed in Brixton as I saw it three years ago. Today Brixton, thanks to imaginative and enlightened work by inter-racial groups and to the basic enterprise and healthy ambition of the migrants, is a good example of how the problem can be solved. It is a peaceful, friendly and lively community.

The fact is that all these things are mere trigger mechanisms that have touched off a complex of feelings rooted in race and colour prejudice, and fostered and exploited by the Fascist forces that have found in the hooligan element a handy instrument to whip up and excite and inflame grievances and deep-seated dislikes. The understanding of these things indicates the hope of solution.

Three things are essential. Active violence and disorder must be stamped out swiftly and decisively. It must never be allowed to succeed. Far too much of it has succeeded in terrorising the small minority of migrants all over London and destroying their property.

It is not enough at this stage to say the police are impartial. It is necessary to make it manifest to the weak minority group that the forces of law and order are actively and sympathetically on the side of those who are wronged. Confidence (and let it be said frankly as far as the migrants are concerned that confidence has broken down) must be restored.

The solid traditional and powerful British opinion which sets its face against colour prejudice and all forms of intolerance must organise and mobilise itself so as to be an effective force at every level – at the top in government, in political circles, in the trade union movement especially at the working levels, among the ordinary citizens at their work, at their play, in their houses, in the pubs, wherever men and women meet. A large part of the success of evil is because

evil is noisy and so much good is so silent that its presence cannot be detected.

It is only when violence is completely ended and public opinion fully alert that it will be possible to do successfully the third essential thing, which is to try continuously, patiently and laboriously to remove the things that build up ill will and intensify race and colour attitudes; to create on an inter-racial basis the sort of grass-root organisations among the migrants themselves and in the communities where they live which will help to build up enough tolerance and understanding for it to be possible for a real community life to emerge.

The problem of violence is an immediate and urgent one; and all talk of restricting immigration and the like at this time should be set aside till the atmosphere has decisively changed. It would be tragic to allow principle to fall dead at the first blast of violence and disorder – no matter how much that may hurt pride and disturb an illusory complacency.

The remainder of the problem is long term and difficult and will require persistent effort over a long, long time. This effort will never be properly made if the reality of the facts is not faced and if illusions, however comforting, persist.

I have great hopes that in time all these difficulties will be gradually resolved. But make no mistake about it, it would be tragic if Britain were to fail the world at this moment and on this issue. It is much more than a local problem of 200,000 coloured people (.04 per cent. of England's population). This is a world question. One of the great world issues is this problem of race and colour. All over the world – in the United States, for instance, and in Africa – it has reached a moment of historical crisis.

The new West Indian nation is setting an example to the world in demonstrating how people of all races and all shades of skin can 'dwell together in unity', how a society can be created in which racial differences do not require tolerance because they have ceased to matter. What a setback to this and all other efforts in the world if Britain, the centre of the Commonwealth, were to fail when for the first time she faces as a living fact a situation that in other lands has for generations been a constant and abiding problem.

NORMAN MANLEY

What Happened to La Liberté?

'FRENCHMEN, the decision is yours, for France is a free country'. So M. Claude Darget ended his television report of the official speeches in the Place de la République last Thursday. The viewers had seen M. André Malraux and General de Gaulle lauding the merits of the new constitution and, to the applause of the crowd, calling upon all Frenchmen to vote 'Yes' when the referendum comes along. It was all perfectly straightforward – except for some puzzling words from M. Malraux, who complained about 'those of you who are making such a fuss down there'; and one unexplained fact: the crowd showed an obvious tendency to look backwards towards the neighbouring streets rather than in the direction of the official platform. What was going on down there? Who were these troublesome people who got across M. Malraux?

If Frenchmen depended for their news on the radio and television, the answer to these questions would remain unknown. They would never find out that the enthusiastic crowd that was applauding the General was composed of a few thousand carefully selected guests, most of whom would have been much more at home at a first night at the Opéra than in the Place de la République. They could not know that the whole of this cosy gathering was separated from the mob outside by thousands of steel-helmeted and armed security police (CRS), and that these, at the very moment when M. Malraux was congratulating the people of Paris on having turned up at the meeting, were ruthlessly beating up all those who had come without an invitation card.

I was not myself in Paris at the time, but I spent last Sunday questioning the people who live round about as they quietly watched the dismantling of the official platforms. All of them, from the waiter in the café *Thermomètre* to the newspaper seller at the corner of the Rue Turbigo, gave me a shocking account of the demonstration. Certainly the greater part of the crowd of spectators had turned up in answer to appeals by the Committee of Resistance against Fascism and the Communist Party, and many of them carried placards with the word 'No'. But I am told that there were also a large number of ordinary sightseers and that, in any case, there was no attempt by the crowd to overrun the police and force a way into the Place de la République. The CRS and the police took the initiative in drawing their truncheons against the crowd without any excuse – and, according to some witnesses, accompanied the action with cries of *'Vive Massu'* and *'Vive Soustelle'*. There were 90 casualties, including four fractured skulls; and at least one man, George-Jean Nuttin, a worker in the Renault factory, had two bullet wounds in the back. RTF (Radio-télévision Francaise) has developed its technique to the point where it reported all this as if the whole occasion had passed off in perfect calm. M. Soustelle may be proud of his staff.

It is worth pausing for a moment on this problem of the information services. A month and a half after having escaped from the police in the boot of his car, Jacques Soustelle was appointed Minister of Information. His first problem was to 'tidy up' the radio and television services. Before considering the sort of reforms he introduced, English readers should understand that RTF, under the Fourth Republic, never had a reputation for objectivity which would make it comparable with the BBC. Successive governments had tried to make use of its network to put across their own policies as persuasively as possible and to suppress effective opposition. Indeed, there had been a long-standing demand among democratic Frenchmen for legislation which would make a publicly-appointed and independent corporation responsible for the direction of RTF.

When Soustelle took over the Ministry of Information, this project was automatically lost sight of. What actually happened was a process which is described in Paris as 'the Gaullist colonisation of radio and television'. The first stage of this enterprise was the dismissal of most of the old team in the information services. M. Gayman, the previous director general, M. Peronnet, the director of *Journal Télévisé*, M. Bezombes, head of overseas broadcasts, and many others were relieved of their posts. A number of less distinguished journalists were shifted into blind-alley jobs or sent to remote out-stations or, apparently, packed off on long holidays. After this purge came the next stage: the key posts were given to men who had been members of the old Gaullist party, Rassemblement du Peuple Francais (RPF)—all of them old associates of Soustelle. For instance, the chairmanship of the council of RTF was given to Maître Henry Torrès; M. Terrenoire was made Director of Information. Both these were previously members of the parliamentary group of RPF, as was M. Ollivier, the new director of the *Journal Télévisé*. The review of the press passed into the hands of M. Chauveau, and overseas broadcasts have gone to M. Thibaud, both militant Gaullist journalists. It would be easy to continue the list to show that in two months Soustelle has accomplished what no premier in the Fourth Republic ever dreamed of: French broadcasting has become his tool – the whole show, from fashion programmes to reviews of the foreign press.

The result is that the news now put out by Radio-Paris is nearer to the propaganda you would expect to hear in a Peoples' Democracy than to the BBC. It is a reasonable example, for instance, to suggest that, out of a quarter of an hour of news, you can expect at least ten minutes to be devoted in some way or other to speeches or public declarations in favour of de Gaulle. There is a total embargo on any reference to the anti-Gaullist opposition inside the Socialist Party or to quotations from *Depêche du Midi*, a radical newspaper which has recently come out uncompromisingly against the General. It is policy, however, to quote the most maladroit passages which can be dug up from *l'Humanite* to expose the bad faith of the Communists. The general impression left at the end of all these broadcasts is that France is solid for the new government and that the only opposition comes from a handful of lunatics on the extreme left.

Nor is that the whole story. The Gaullist myth, which has been so exotically expounded by M. Malraux, consists above all in giving Frenchmen the sense of a crusade; and to that end they are always being orated to about the glory of France. We have now reached the level of propaganda where some broadcasts recall the more lyrical passages of Zhdanov on Popov. M. Soustelle's broadcasting service has conjured up the French version of Popov, and one talk which recently appeared in *Journal Parlé* imparted the information – previously unknown to me – that the TVA was a product of French genius and that Roosevelt had simply copied it.

Some appearances, of course, have to be kept up. Last Friday, the *Journal Officiel* published the list of parties which are entitled to radio time during the referendum campaign. All told, there were 23. Of these, 12 had the merit of being committed to de Gaulle; but apart from that very few people had ever heard of them, and I doubt whether the Christian Democrat Party of M. Bidault has more than a score of members, mostly Bidault's personal friends. The fact remains that Bidault himself, Chaban-Delmas, and other leaders of non-existent parties get as much radio time as the Communist Party, which collected more than five million votes at the last election, or as M. Mendès-France, whose followers number at least a hundred thousand times as many as the Christian Democrats.

The facts speak for themselves. First, all the important posts in RTF have been filled on a party basis, strictly in the interest of de Gaulle. Secondly, even the news broadcasts are being used for indirect propaganda. Thirdly, the facilities offered to those politicians who support the new constitution are utterly disproportionate when compared with those of their components. 'France,' said M. Darget, 'is a free country.' But is it? Are Frenchmen really being offered a free choice on 28 September?

Paris. K. S. KAROL

London Diary

WHAT is the explanation of the extraordinary treatment of Dr Linus Pauling by the Immigration Authorities at London Airport last week? My first thought was that the Home Office had been got at by Mr Victor Gollancz, as part of a big publicity campaign for Dr Pauling's book, *No More War*, which is published this week. It is an admirable statement of the case for nuclear disarmament, and Mr Butler, I'm sure, would not seriously disagree with it. Or again, did the Home Office want to tell the world about the meeting arranged for 22 September by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament? We could not have hoped for so much publicity otherwise; now I hope everyone knows that distinguished scientists of different opinions are to be publicly cross-examined about nuclear energy by four journalists and lawyers whose views of the Campaign are respectively pro, con, dubious and unknown. Or again, was it just an ignorant official who told Dr Pauling that the Home Office did 'not admit people to Great Britain who come principally to take part in public meetings, especially when against government policy'. What did the Home Office mean when it mumbled something about being guided by 'the auspices' under which the meeting was to be held? This was odd, because you could not find a more respectable and (since this is what is usually meant by 'auspices') less Communist bunch than the anti-nuclear campaign. In the end the Home Office has abandoned its outrageous suggestion that Dr Pauling should be thrown out on 16 September and return on the 22nd without knowing if he was to be allowed to enter! I think the true explanation of all this nonsense is that Dr Pauling is not loved by the State Department. He has never been before a McCarthy committee or accused of un-American activities, but I am prepared to bet that someone told the Home Office that the American authorities would like to see him excluded. Having once made the mistake of taking this hint, the Home Office has had to wriggle out of an indefensible position.

* * *

I can give you the low-down on the Barbara Castle – Nye Bevan story of the weekend. Some trade union leaders, including members of the National Executive, were arguing in a pub about how best to display party unity and get a better bell-ringer than Hailsham as chairman during election year. (They seem to have forgotten that Macmillan need not have an election until 1959-60). Someone suggested that Nye should be chairman and Barbara Castle stand down. Fleet Street overheard the talk, and got to Barbara Castle on the 'phone in the country. She, of course, knew nothing about it, but said she would be willing to stand down if the proposal was serious. What about Nye? Just so. But Aneurin Bevan had really got lost on his holiday; a wise man, no one could catch him on the 'phone. So the story is dead – unless someone is bold enough to revive it on the eve of the party conference.

* * *

Nobody said so, at least in print, but the prime unfavourite for the job of Lord Chief Justice was Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller. If Mr Macmillan was to break with the supposed 'tradition' that gave a right of succession to the Attorney-General (this tradition, by the way, turns out to have been discovered, at an opportune moment in his career, by Gordon Hewart!), then a good many distinguished lawyers became eligible. I think the Prime Minister is to be congratulated on the choice he has made, both because Lord Justice Parker is a man of proved and outstanding ability and because the idea that the appointment should be a political one must now be dead.

* * *

In case you didn't know, it is really the *Communists* who are behind the Notting Hill riots! I get this exclusive news from David Lawrence, the columnist in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, whose reputation seems to be built on a pyramid of pompous idiocies. He wrote on Monday that the race troubles 'fit in with the Communist tactics in other parts of the world', and the 'fomenting of race riots in Britain was a "natural" for the Communists . . . bent on creating embarrassing episodes causing friction inside the British Parliament'. Perhaps you were one of those who thought the provocation came from the Fascists? Mr Lawrence explains that you are simple-minded: the rioters were 'unaware of the methods by which they have been inflamed . . . the infiltrators work through "Right-wing" as well as "Left-wing" organisations'. Mr Lawrence uses the same logic to 'prove' that the Communists are working through the Ku Klux Klan – an idea to be taken just as seriously as that Mr Hamm and Sir Oswald Mosley are tools of Moscow. They are, of course, giving the Communists a chance to make capital out of race discrimination in Britain, but that is a different matter. The important thing to notice is the Fascist technique. Fascists have found a way of getting into the public eye by using 'moderate' slogans to cover a policy of racial incitement.

* * *

On my way to address the Students' Association in Oslo last week-end I wondered whether I should have the same happy feeling in Norway that I had on two former visits soon after the war. I need not have worried. Oslo was pretending to be the Riviera – or rather what the Riviera is supposed to be. The sun was shining with a steady brilliance that no Scandinavian expects so late in the summer. But that was the only thing to remind one of Nice and Cannes. There were no luxury cars, no evening dress or dancing on the terraces of big hotels. There is comparatively little difference between rich and poor in Norway. The people were boarding boats to explore the fjords; or with knapsacks on their backs and sturdy shoes on their feet, they were starting off on long walks or climbs. There were laughing crowds queueing for buses and groups drinking coffee or beer in the gardens. The general impression was of a community which can still enjoy inexpensive pleasures, the sort of pleasures that come from love of the countryside shared amongst friends.

* * *

An Englishman is, I suppose, naturally biased if he finds almost everyone he meets talking good English and sharing his political and social outlook. There is, of course, a Conservative party of a sort in Norway, and, although one of the attractions of the country to me is its robust paganism, about ten per cent. of the electorate vote for the Christian Democrats – we should call them fundamentalists. But 48 per cent. vote Labour and ten per cent. Liberal, and, judging from the speeches made after my rather provocative utterance, even the Conservatives disagree, as one might say, in opinion rather than in outlook. (Only one member of the audience was seriously critical. His private remonstrance was so solemn and formal that I thought he must be a Swede.) One recent incident reminded me forcibly of British politics. Like other Social Democrat parties, the Norwegian Labour party tends to be stereotyped and bureaucratic. Last year this Establishment was abruptly jolted when 45 out of the 78 Labour members (a majority of the total MPs) supported a resolution urging the Norwegian government to exercise a 'veto' inside Nato against Germany receiving atomic weapons. No such 'veto' of course could exist, but the discovery that some enterprising youngsters could jerk an actual majority of the party into unorthodox action against the wishes of its leaders was certainly salutary; it reminded me of our British political habit of changing opinion by the only partially-baked initiative of individual enthusiasts.

* * *

The oddest news of the week appeared in *Le Monde*. It was an agency statement from Stockholm (6 September) saying that the Swedish Foreign Minister had sent a protest to the French government about the savage treatment of five Swedish photographers who were beaten up by the French police while they were taking pictures of General de Gaulle. Two of them were thrown into a police van along with North Africans and French girls. When the police discovered that the two young men were Swedish, one of them shouted, 'We thought you were Dutch'.

CRITIC

Thoroughbreds

When woad was worn by everyone,
As Caesar (J.) describes,
Phoenician traders had begun
To penetrate the tribes.

The Sassenach and Angle came
And (also ran) the Jute –
Jarl or carl, they staked a claim
No Briton dared dispute.

The Norseman and the Dane arrived
(Delinquents on probation)
And in between their cups contrived
To swell the population.

The Norman *seigneur* took his *droit*
When bored with breaking lances:
The native wenches (*honi soit*)
Accepted his advances.

Then, when the proud Plantagenet
Had made our land his home,
New sires competed, to beget,
With Papal Wops from Rome.

The Gipsy came to join the sport,
Hot from the Hindu Kush,
And took the measure of a mort
Beneath a bawdy bush.

The Fleming came – the Huguenot –
King Billy's boys (the Dutch 'uns) –
Nor were the Hanoverians slow
At blotting some escutcheons . . .

No thoroughbred will give a damn
What alien blood's to spill
By Robin Hoods of Nottingham
Or Naps of Notting Hill,

Or that, once more, the Fascist band
With drunks and Teddies musters
And arguments they understand –
Knives, chains and knuckle-dusters.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Windows were broken by stones, and flares were hurled into the Embassy grounds. Inside, the Ambassador, Mr Andrew Gilchrist, calmly played Chopin nocturnes on the piano and commented: 'If they were cricket players they'd be better shots'.—*Daily Mail*. (G. G. Blakey.)

'It's all the bleeding Queen's fault. She goes to all the black countries and they do their war dances for her and then they think they can come over here and take our jobs'.—Notting Hill bystander reported in *Observer*. (Terence Morris.)

There is no question of doubt that if, as many of us hope, the Conservatives are successful at the next election this will, in no small measure, be due to the initiative and courage of the Midland Bank.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (Therese Buch.)

'According to the former Labour candidate, the National Anthem will not now be sung after meetings, the Red Flag has replaced it. What further proof is needed that the Exeter Labour party is now controlled by the Communists?'—*Daily Telegraph*. (N. Howard.)

More Words of Ill-Omen

[This is the second of two articles on words which have been undergoing a change of use that sometimes amounts to a change of meaning.]

We come now to certain common words and phrases that have acquired a peculiar force in the better class of English weeklies: the NEW STATESMAN, the *Spectator*, the *Listener*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Observer*, etc. The object of these little clichés is quietly to disparage.

One may mention here a mocking use of *massive*, of which I have no example to hand. When Nicolson applies *massive* to Churchill's history, he is making it look more important than it is; but if H. R. Trevor-Roper, say, were to apply it to Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History*, the intention would probably be to make the book look less important.

Unhappily, unluckily. These words are among the most damaging that a writer of this kind can employ. I have collected no examples, so improvise:

> It is evident that Mr —— has some first-hand acquaintance with the Balkans, and when he attempts nothing more than farce, he sometimes succeeds admirably; but he has also tried for pity and terror, for which, unhappily, he has little talent.
>
> Mr ——, with an intrepidity which cannot but command respect, has sought to show that Lucrezia Borgia was by no means the monster we imagine, but 'affectionate in her family relations' and 'one of the most delightful women of her day'. Unluckily, the evidence of contemporaries does not support his thesis.

In America, we more often say *unfortunately*, which may on occasion be sharper, but is usually less patronising.

Alas. Here are some actual examples of the British use of this word. From a review by John Raymond in the NEW STATESMAN of 3 May:

> The French, who are inclined to forget that he [Montaigne] was of English extraction, split him up mostly into '*l'homme*' and '*le philosophe*'. We non-Latins know that things cannot (alas!) be divided so easily.

The exclamation point and parentheses here make this instance rather exceptional; the usual procedure is to enclose the word simply in commas, to slip it in in the most unobtrusive way, with no emphasis or change of accent to indicate a shaking of the head.

> She never ceased to speak of her employer with an admiration that, alas, was feminine. (A review by Raymond Mortimer of *The History of Fanny Burney* in the *Sunday Times* of 2 March.)

This casual use of the word has also had some currency in the United States. Thus we find in a review by M. L. Rosenthal of the *Variorum Edition of the Poems of W. B. Yeats* in the *Nation* of 5 April, 'One can almost, alas, foresee the revolt of the young against the "oppressive" idioms of his phrasing and rhythm' . . . But it seems to us somewhat affected and may even provoke resentment. I understand that, in response to the indignant complaint of a well-known American writer, the use of *alas* in letters of rejection has been banned in the *New Yorker* office. We occasionally, in the United States, put *alas* at the beginning of a sentence with perheps an exclamation point, and thus give it emotional force. The first British instance quoted above does show a nuance of emotion, though we are not told exactly what prompts it. As a rule, the unemphasised British *alas* is the hallmark of modest smugness.

Contrive. Apart from its mechanical sense, this word has long been employed in a contemptuous or humorous one. Examples from *David Copperfield*:

> Of Sophy telling us when she saw Traddles (whom I had entrusted with the license) asked for it, she almost fainted, having been convinced that he would contrive to lose it, or to have his pocket picked. . . . We had not sat here many minutes, when Mrs Markleham, who usually contrived to be in a fuss about something, came bustling in.

But this use of *contrive*, in England, has recently become a good deal more common. An example from *Is the Monarchy Perfect?*: 'At best, this kind of word-juggling contrives to create only a vague feeling, which is beyond logic and defies analysis'. And it has been caught over by us. Mr Harry Levin writes, in *Modern Language Notes* of 2 February, on a book about literary criticism, 'Messrs Wimsatt and Brooks avoid this dilemma by contriving another'. That *contrive* should be so often substituted for *manage* or *arrange*, or used in cases where it would formerly have been natural to say *has succeeded in doing so-and-so*, would seem to indicate that this quietly disparaging tone has in certain quarters become so habitual that its appropriateness to the subject is never questioned. All of these now fashionable words imply a certain unwillingness to take one's subject too seriously or to become too much excited about it. It may be that in the case of *contrive* our mechanical civilisation has something to do with its common use. The false reasoning or whatever one wants to condemn is conceived as a cheap or amateurish device which does not function as a real machine.

Almost certainly, though it is not disparaging, belongs to the same level of British journalism and may also be listed here. This phrase—which I never remember to have seen in anything written in America—is usually what Stephen Potter would call a gamesmanship ploy. It is used to bring pressure on the reader to induce him to accept the writer's view on a question which cannot be settled without some definite evidence but in regard to which such evidence is lacking. One may write, say, of the Casement diaries that they are 'almost certainly genuine (or forged)'. The most amusing use of this phrase that I have seen gives it, however, a different force. Geoffrey Gorer in his book *The Marquis de Sade* writes of one of his subject's exploits with three prostitutes and his valet that Sade

> was almost certainly exploring conscientiously and practically all possible extensions of sensual pleasure, from which he was to draw his theory and criticism some years later. Both his physical and mental courage were adequate to the task.

Now, anyone who knows anything about Sade can hardly be in any *uncertainty* as to what the Marquis was up to. The purpose of the *almost certainly* here—as well as of the British emphasis on the stamina and pluck of Sade—has been evidently to create for this scandalous affair an atmosphere of respectability.

Committed, commitment. Committed is the English equivalent for Jean-Paul Sartre's *engagé*, as in the phrase *littérature engagée*, and I believe, though I cannot be sure, that the use of the word in this sense of someone's being dedicated to, or at least trying to, some political or social cause came later than *engagé* and was an attempt to transfer the latter idea to English. Everybody is so well aware of the currency and meaning of *committed* and *commitment*—which are common to the 'intellectuals' of Britain and the United States—that one need not give many examples. In the NEW STATESMAN of 14 June, one finds an article by Walter Allen called *All Out on Sunday: Commitment in the Thirties*, which contains the following passage: 'The literature of the Thirties seems to me today to have been primarily social in its implication rather than political. It was a socially committed poetry'. It may be noted that the writer says further on: 'it was the rise of Fascism that turned social concern on the part of many young writers into direct political involvement for some of them'. This use of *involvement*, too, is new. *Involvement* differs from *commitment* in implying some active kind of responsibility. What is shown, I believe, by the emergence of these words with this special new significance is a general despair of politics and indifference to social questions. To devote oneself to a cause or even to try to further some non-personal end has become so uncommon since the war that we have found we need special words to refer to the exceptional people who do so.

Communicate, communications. These words are very interesting and important. They are, I believe, American products—certainly they have been hardest worked in the United States; but they seem to be spreading to England. I do not know how *communications* first came to be extended from the telegraph and telephone to the periodical press and the whole network of popular mechanical amusement—moving pictures, radio and television—nor how the fine arts came to be lumped in with these. There was a time when the *Saturday Review of Literature* talked constantly of 'communications', which seemed to include everything from Homer to the latest be-bop record. To call everything 'communications' was evidently intended to have the effect of dignifying the dope purveyed on the movie screen, the radio and TV by pretending that it had been concocted by people who wanted to convey some message to their fellow men and at the same time, by including the fine arts in the same category with film and comic-strip, of making them appear less formidable. At this time there was a certain amount of complaint in the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere against certain modern poets and novelists on the ground that they did not 'communicate', and so deserved to be banished from this category. A humorous echo of this is to be found in a letter to the editor in the June issue of *Encounter*: 'Either I have failed to communicate, or Mr Braine read February's *Encounter* on a merry-go-

the things they say!

Hello! Where did you drop in from?

I've just got in from Malaya. I.C.I. has a lot of customers out there. I've been giving them a hand with some of their problems.

Does a company as big as I.C.I. really care about customers' problems — surely they're content to make a sale and collect the cash?

Not at all! We want only *satisfied* customers, and each of our manufacturing Divisions operates a Technical Service organisation, staffed by specialists, to be sure that our products give the performance we claim and the customer expects. Many of the I.C.I. companies overseas provide a similar service of their own.

Can anyone get this service?

Yes; and if any I.C.I. company abroad wants an expert from the U.K. to help solve some particularly knotty problem, we send one.

You surprise me. Operating a service like this at home and abroad must cost I.C.I. a packet.

Roughly one and a half million pounds a year. But look at the results! By keeping the highest quality standards and backing our products with this sort of Technical Service, we've built up not only a huge trade in the home market but export business worth over £76,000,000 a year.

ICI

round and then wrapped it round his fish and chips'. And the idea that literature ought to be expected to 'communicate' is involved in the following passage from an interview by Art Buchwald with Allen Ginsberg in the *New York Herald* of 3 July: 'Unfortunately,' said Mr Ginsberg, 'another poet was reciting some uncommunicative junk, and we didn't like it'. This ideal of communication appears also in more serious connections. 'It is no shame to the original writer,' says Joyce Cary in *Art and Reality*, 'that he wants to be read, to communicate.' And Orson Welles in an article in the *Observer* of 13 July: 'If man cannot communicate, can he be expected to control his destiny?' A review by David Stevenson in the *Nation* of 10 May: 'Mr Brooks finds that he can give us a clear and definite answer to this question, and thereby keep his novel within the limits of communication appropriate to his third report'.

It seemed difficult, at first, to understand why so much should be made at that particular moment of the idea of communication. Communications have never been so easy, and the things to be communicated seemed to be of no more importance than usual. Was this recent use of the word really stimulated by a special sense of urgency?

One gets, however, more light on 'communications' by approaching it from the practical non-literary direction. In the *Bulletin of Information* of Columbia University for 1957, we find listed two courses in 'Communications'. One of these is called 'House publications and other employee communications'. This course, says the *Bulletin*, 'will deal with those communications media, both printed and spoken, that enable an employer, whether government, institution, or company, to seek among its employees a better understanding of its policies, products, services, and general operation. The media to be considered include house publications: magazines, tabloids, and newspapers; supervisory employee bulletins, manuals and annual reports; letters; advertising; motion pictures; exhibits; open house; and oral communications'. The other course is called 'Research in public opinion and communications'. 'The public opinion survey: research techniques, analysis of data. Research into mass communications media: newspapers, radio, magazines, movies. Content analysis and audience effect. Recommended for the students who plan a career in public relations, radio, or advertising.' It would seem that 'communications' is here simply a handy name for the various techniques of propaganda. In reply to a letter on the subject, Mr Jacques Barzun of Columbia has written me as follows: '"Communications" in the sense you describe is used throughout the academic world, high schools included. It covers different subjects in different places and sometimes (I think) it covers the void. The usage is faintly justified by two things – first, people's awareness that they do not understand one another, from which they infer the existence of a technique for reducing Babel; and second, the need to describe the new, electrical means of addressing large groups. At various times I have tried to prevent the use of "communications" and, worse still, "communication arts", to designate courses in radio, television, and the rest. But it is a lost battle, at least until someone fashions a new word. Meantime, the confusion persists. Is *writing* included in communications? Are motion pictures a communication art? etc.' It seems to me that the new blanket use of the word implies not merely a need that is felt on the part of people in general to understand one another and hence to co-operate, but also a drive on the part of the directors of political and business enterprises to manipulate large groups more effectively, on the part of our ever more centralised governments to bring their populations into line. The two motives of course go together, they are aspects of the same process.

Tension and relax. These words are now much used in the United States; the implications are all too obvious. *Relax* is more colloquial than literary: people tell one another to relax. *Tension* has been taken over by the literary magazines and given a special meaning: one talks about the 'tension' in a novel or poem, which means anything from a conflict between personal forces to an opposition of ideas, usually referred to in terms of 'symbols'. Example: 'His first [novel] . . . was a report on the tensions and conflicts of personality on the staff of a weekly news magazine'. (From the *Nation* review quoted above.) The word has come also to play a great role in sociological and psychological literature.

Kudos. Something very peculiar has been happening to this word in the United States. *Kudos* is a Greek word (singular), which means 'glory, fame, renown'. It must owe its currency in English to the British public schools and universities, with their tradition of classical learning. But it is now turning up in the American press as an English plural ending in s, the singular being presumably *kudo*. Granville Hicks, for example, in the *Saturday Review* of 14 June, writes 'Cheever has been writing excellent short stories for twenty years or more with comparatively few kudos' . . . Now, *Time* magazine has lately had the habit of listing, every June, the recipients of academic honours under the simple rubric 'Kudos,' and one wonders whether this has been misunderstood as a plural meaning public honours – perhaps on a false analogy with *kilos* or with Ernest Hemingway's *kudus*. In any case, the first mis-steps have been made, and *kudos* may take its place – along with the stubborn false meanings of *jejune*, *demean*, and *transpire* and the false derivation of *sacrilegious* as a plural journalistically applied to honorary degrees, Oscars, prizes in beauty contests, and the rewards of winning the 21 Quiz contest.

EDMUND WILSON

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FOR the past six months I have been more or less on the move; constantly fastening and unfastening seat-belts, descending upon patterns of lights, living briefly in hotel rooms, mooning about unfamiliar streets, looking forlornly at passing landscapes out of railway carriage windows, driving through interminable dust, embarking upon brief intimacies and satisfying momentary curiosities. Thus seen, the world is small, compact and uniform. Indeed, it may be said with truth that everywhere is becoming noticably like everywhere else, and that everyone tends to want what everyone else wants. This induces a tremendous momentum towards uniformity which makes the yells and howls of nationalism and racialism and ideological conflict singularly irrelevant and absurd. The overwhelming impression one has is, not of the discord, but of the almost total unanimity which prevails. For the first time in history the great majority of the world's inhabitants have identical desires.

Thirty-five years ago, when I first went to India (to the part which is now Kerala and Communist, but was then Travancore, and a rather well-governed Indian state), this was not so. There was a great diversity of desires. What a Travancore Brahmin wanted was not by any means identical with what, say, a Leeds wool-manufacturer wanted, or an Alexandrian cotton-broker, or a Kansas City real estate man. They all wanted to be rich, of course, but their manner of life, if they became rich, varied enormously. Now they build the same houses, install the same refrigerators and other amenities, have the same motor cars, acquire the same girls, and meet together on their travels at the same hotels.

Moreover, most of the human race were not in those days in a position to have any concrete desires at all. They had to make do with transcendental ones. An Indian or Chinese peasant, toiling away – what did he look to have, except, with luck, the barest sufficiency? Now, they have come to feel that they also are entitled to get in on the mid-20th-century act. Fruit machines and the jackpot's yield are for them, too. The Russian Revolution, and, of course, still more immediately, the Chinese Revolution, presented the possibility, and the American cinema displayed the prizes. I remember in that distant time asking a government official who had come from the North-West Frontier whether there was any talk there of Communism, and he said, No, there wasn't, but everyone seemed to have heard of Lenin Sahib. Again, I remember at one of those huge Hindu festivals, when hundreds and hundreds of thousands of nondescript Indians assemble on a river bank, noting a cinema show in a tent (some ancient, foolish film, with ladies in evening dress, and elegant dinner tables, and motor cars driving up to massive doorways) and how utterly rapt the

packed audience were at this spectacle of a life so infinitely remote from theirs, and now made actual at their festival. Even then there seemed some sort of connection between the two things – interest in Lenin Sahib and the screened splendour.

This increasing uniformity of the world, brought about by uniformity of desire, is obscured by seemingly contrary tendencies. Thus Russians and their satellites and the Chinese are supposed to want Communism; Americans and their satellites are supposed to want freedom. We western Europeans are supposed to prize our Christian civilisation, and to want to join ourselves together, under the auspices of M. Spaak and General Norstad, to revive and defend it. As for the Indians – Pandit Nehru and his colleagues try with increasing difficulty to convince themselves that what they want is British-type welfare and parliamentary democracy. I find the present Indian governing class who are engaged in this impossible pursuit infinitely touching and appealing. They are the last survivors to make jokes about the rivalry between Oxford and Cambridge, and indulge in whimsical matrimonial asides, and dredge up faint echoes of the London School of Economics when it was young and in the spring. Their political talk has the sweet, musty flavour of old Hansards; in New Delhi there is a street that is for ever Bouverie, and the air is full of the Home Service in its true Reithean purity. The only Englishmen left in the world, I sometimes think, are Indians.

Very few Russians, Chinese and satellite peoples really want Communism; very few Americans really want freedom; very few western Europeans really care much about Christian or any other civilisation; very few Indians really want welfare and parliamentary democracy. What they all want, and what practically everyone else really wants, is what the Americans have got – six lanes of large motor cars streaming powerfully into and out of gleaming cities; neon lights flashing, and juke boxes sounding, and skyscrapers rising, storey upon storey, into the sky. Driving at night into the town of Athens, Ohio (pop. 3,450), four bright coloured signs stood out in the darkness – 'Gas', 'Drugs', 'Beauty', 'Food'. Here, I thought, is the ultimate, the *logos* of our time, presented in sublime simplicity. It was like a vision in which suddenly all the complexity of life is reduced to one single inescapable proposition. These signs could have shone forth as clearly in Athens, Greece, as in Athens, Ohio. They belonged as aptly to Turkestan or Sind or Kamchatka. All the world loves Lucy.

In the light of this uniformity of current desires, the ostensible present is a museum, to go round eagerly or listlessly according to one's temperament. Some of the curators are, it is true, excessively insistent, to the point of imagining, and trying to convince their conducted parties, that the exhibits have still contemporary validity – for instance de Gaulle, rumbling through the residue of a colonial empire with some vague notion of integrating it with a visibly disintegrating France; or, for that matter, our man, Harold Macmillan, trimming up his moustache for television appearances, and momentarily conveying the impression that by sending troops to sustain an unsustainable regime in Jordan he has somehow asserted something, achieved something.

Such efforts, however, are largely unconvincing. The conflicts which seem to be dividing the world are like television or radio shows for which it is increasingly difficult to find the requisite studio audience. The Cold War itself has no more reality than the wars between the Big-enders and the Little-enders in *Gulliver's Travels*. It is about nothing. The very words which express it are

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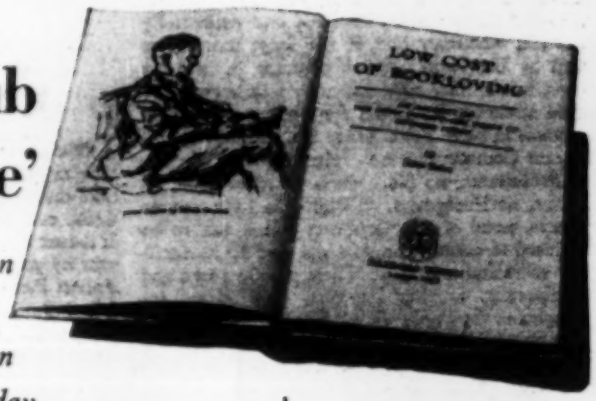

writes Joyce Emerson in the Sunday Times, greeting Readers Union on its 21st birthday.

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becoming, on both sides, emptier and emptier, more and more turgid, laboured and tedious. By contrast, whenever one of the huge motor cars used by the United States embassy in Moscow stops, it is at once surrounded by a little crowd of awed admirers. So would a sputnik be if it were on show in New York. There are, properly speaking, no Communists, no capitalists, no Catholics, no Protestants, no black men, no white men, no Asians, no Europeans, no Right, no Left, and no Centre, none of the categories which has to be assumed to sustain the cold war and all its ancillary strife and argument. There is only a vast and omnipresent longing for Gas, for Beauty, for Drugs and for Food.

It may be, of course, that before this longing is satisfied (as it could be), the world will get blown to pieces. If so, the cause will be, not the divisions among mankind, but their unanimity – a unanimity which they failed to express in their way of life. The atomic explosion will be but an outward and visible manifestation of an inward and invisible schizophrenia between desires which are unanimous and wills which are divided.

History has decreed one world, as is manifested by the characteristic inventions of our time, which are all calculated to eliminate material circumstances and ideas and beliefs fostering separateness, whether in individuals or communities – like jet planes, which abolish distance, and television, which abolishes thought, and the *Reader's Digest*, which abolishes despair, and, ther fore, faith, and atomic fission, which makes unity the only alternative to extinction. Either history will have its way, or there will be no more history. The world (pop. 2000 m) must, like Athens, Ohio, hang out its four signs – 'Gas', 'Drugs', 'Beauty', 'Food' – or cease to exist.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Music at Edinburgh

THE charge of timidity, often levelled against the Edinburgh Festival and never with more justice than this year, is one which ricochets in all directions: everyone has his answer, no-one is to blame. It is true that the Usher Hall programmes become year by year more conventional. But reproach Mr Robert Ponsonby with the choice of fare, and he will politely reply with some ugly and highly inconvenient facts. The opening all-Beethoven concert, given by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Klemperer, was, of course, sold out. On the following night the same orchestra and conductor performed Haydn's *Clock* Symphony and Bruckner's Fourth in E flat (the latter, to judge by a rehearsal, must have been splendidly done), and only one-fifth of the hall's capacity was filled with people who had paid for their seats. I have no precise attendance figures for Ernest Ansermet's Stravinsky concert with the Covent Garden Orchestra, which was one of the outstanding musical occasions of the whole Festival; but the audience was pitifully sparse, although the programme contained the popular *Petrushka* and two other ballet scores which give delight and hurt not at all, *Apollon Musagète* and *Le Baiser de la Fée*. And so on: wherever we look, we find that the Festival public seizes on the smallest departure from routine as an excuse for staying away. Even Bartok's *Concerto for Orchestra*, of which there are now no fewer than six rival gramophone recordings, is accounted alarming in Edinburgh.

What is the reason for the almost pathological nervousness shown by Edinburgh audiences? With some hesitation, I put forward two possible contributory causes. First, any Festival develops over the years a colour and character of its own, and inclines to become increasingly set in its ways. Edinburgh, having from the first played safe in choice of music, now finds itself, by the horrid logic of experience, compelled to play safer and safer. Secondly, there is too much competition within the Festival. Even if we disregard all the multiple dramatic and cinematic attractions, not to mention the Tattoo, and concentrate on the music alone, there is on every week-night an opera and a ballet programme as well as the Usher Hall concert, and often a recital in the Freemasons' Hall as well; no other festival in the world offers so full a plate. If the Ansermet-Stravinsky concert had been, as it would have been at most festivals, the sole event of the evening, it might well have drawn a full house. But I fear that this diagnosis, even if correct, can lead to no simple cure; for it would be still more disastrously expensive to present opera or ballet on certain nights only, leaving the theatres otherwise dark. The only rational economy would be to cut the number of visiting orchestras, which is really an unnecessary extravagance, and use the money thus saved on a carefully designed series of programmes, each containing something off the beaten track, in the hope of building up a younger and more enterprising type of audience. Otherwise, in contradistinction to Mr Pritchard's *Musica Viva* activities at Liverpool, Edinburgh might as well adopt the emblem of *Musica Morta*.

When that day comes, I doubt if we shall find M. Ansermet among the proffered attractions. An admirable all-round musician, he is prepared to conduct anything whatsoever, but he excels in those modern scores of the last 40 or 50 years which are more or less the musical equivalent of *'Ecole de Paris'* painting: that is to say, scores which, however complex or even aggressive, have a certain elegance of line and texture. Often he will reveal a sensuous and limpid beauty in music with which other conductors try to stun or batter us into submission. Stravinsky of the early and middle period has no finer or more delicate interpreter than he; and under his command the Covent Garden strings traced the pure classical lines of *Apollon* with a rare feeling for the music's poise and grace, and with a softly diffused sonority that was altogether captivating. The *Baiser de la Fée* Divertimento, with its wonderful quartet of yodelling horns in the 'Danses Suisses' section, was another memorable performance; and so was the *Petrushka*, although honesty compels me to add that here there was a want of dash and even of accuracy in some departments, especially the piano and the trumpet. On the following evening M. Ansermet shared with Benjamin Britten the direction of an all-Britten concert, which was much better attended. Here the principal event was the *Spring Symphony*, notable for the brilliant and vigorous singing of the Covent Garden Chorus and for the flawless contribution of a detachment of Copenhagen choirboys, whose sturdy tone and impeccable whistling made 'The Driving Boy' an episode of pure delight; but the three soloists found some difficulty in making their contributions tell, so that a certain inequality in the work was more noticeable than usual.

On the other hand, Britten's Thomas Hardy song-cycle, *Winter Words*, emerged clearly, at a Freemasons' Hall recital by Peter Pears and the composer, as among Britten's very finest achievements. Both singer and composer-pianist excelled themselves on this occasion in the technical skill and rapt absorption which they brought to their task; and I found myself admiring, more than ever before, the mastery of each successive song, all so different yet so bound together by loving sympathy with Hardy's piercing poetic vision: the creaking table, the wagtail at the ford, the practical vicar who wanted no 'viols out-of-doors', the mysterious silent boy in the third-class railway-carriage at midnight, and all the rest of them. What a gallery of small musical portraits this is, each one unforgettable; and how nobly, yet desolately, the cycle is rounded off with the meditation, 'Before Life and After': concords in the left hand, plain octaves in the right echoing or anticipating a plain vocal line, but all placed with the hand of a master to convey a pessimism the more unanswerable because it is so compassionate and so quiet.

As at many previous Festivals, the morning concerts at the Freemasons' Hall brought some of the best music-making of all. The two Brahms cello sonatas were gloriously played one morning by Cassado with an admirable Scottish musician, Wight Henderson; this great cellist does not care if the pressure of his bow now and then produces a sort of obbligato rattle to his essentially noble tone, but the grand sweep of his phrasing, his fire and intense conviction, carry all before him; and I was sorry to have missed the concerts in which he was to join Menuhin and Kentner in piano trios. The Vegh Quartet gave as fine a reading of Beethoven's Quartet in F minor, Opus 95, as I remember to have heard since the war; and the Juilliard Quartet played all six of Bartok's Quartets with a technical mastery and an imaginative insight that were above all praise.

Lortzing's *Der Wildschütz* proved, rather sur-

prisingly, to be the real 'catch' among the Stuttgart operas. Badly done, this 1842 light comedy would have been impossible; but Alfred Siercke's enchanting sets and the ingenious, but never fussy, production of Günther Rennert brought out all the quiet humour of the libretto, while the witty ensembles which are the opera's chief merit were capitally performed under Ferdinand Leitner. It must be admitted that the arias fall short of real distinction; but the opera as a whole is genuine and charming, and in a clever translation might do very well at Sadler's Wells. The opening scene of Act 2, which shows a noble household assembled in various degrees of gaping admiration while their blue-stocking mistress declaims the *Antigone* next door, is a tableau which I shall long treasure.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Edinburgh Drama—II

THE Old Vic have now completed their five year plan and they are now to expand their repertoire to include other classics. The first of these they brought to Edinburgh last week—Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, in a translation by Stephen Spender adapted by Peter Wood. This romantic drama holds the stage but one has the feeling that it is a rather near thing. It is carried by its two big scenes, one in each part, and I get the impression that the play has been pared to make each of them work, and pared a little fine in the process.

Inevitably we are, perhaps half-consciously, missing the Shakespearean texture to cover the bones and expecting, since we know we are not to have that, some equivalent. And it doesn't come. We are faced with a straightforward romantic historical drama. Mary is at Fotheringay. The verdict has gone against her: her death warrant has only to be signed and Elizabeth cannot bring herself to sign it. Mary is convinced she won't. Her followers plot to rescue her. She puts all her hopes on a meeting with the Queen, and this meeting which Leicester engineers is the first big scene, and a very fine one. It is an encounter fatal for Mary, who is provoked into abuse. The warrant is signed at last and executed, and the second fine scene is Mary's resignation to her fate.

Romantic drama, with its plots and counter-plots and its highly coloured view of character and situation, needs romantic acting, the style which is, of all, the most despised and out of fashion; but it would have been most interesting to see it revived. Mr Peter Wood the brilliant director of *The Iceman Cometh* has, alas, funked it. He governs his actors with a firm restraint which makes the whole thing a little tame—except for those big scenes, which are admirably staged as they are admirably acted. It is true, of course, that the great, ugly, drab Assembly Hall devours every fineness of effect and it may well be that in the comparative closeness and intimacy of the Waterloo Road we shall feel a greater intensity. But I hope that Mr Wood will allow the actors even then to magnify their performances. That is all they need.

Time has produced a rather curious effect on the play. For Schiller, writing in a revolutionary Europe, Mary was the oppressed figure and so the heroine; while Elizabeth was the pattern of the scheming tyrant using her power unjustly and juggling with her conscience to justify her acts. We—perhaps it is an accident of history as well as time—do not readily find our hearts bleeding for Mary and we find the equivocal queen a much more interesting character. We have never—since our schooldays anyhow—believed in the idealised picture of her. And Schiller's presentation of a double-faced double-thinker strikes us as a lot nearer the truth of the epoch than Mary's nobility.

But at the very least these are two whacking great parts for actresses and Miss Irene Worth and Miss Catherine Lacey are well cast as Mary and Elizabeth respectively. Miss Lacey has the bravura role, and she struts and stamps her way through it with fire and dash. Miss Worth has the noble carriage and plangent voice for Mary, and when the two meet it is a battle of giantesses. Mr Kenneth MacMillan's Burleigh gives us a glimpse of the Old Fox, Mr Ronald Lewis's Sir Edward a smack of romantic youth, and Mr Ernest Thesiger the wisdom of old age. Mr John Philips's Leicester is curiously dowdy. Perhaps Leslie Hurry, who has provided grand and glowing costumes for everyone else, might help by tarting him up a bit.

In *The Bonfire*, which took the place of *The Elder Statesman* at the Lyceum, Mr Tyrone Guthrie found a play which he evidently thought he could work up into something very horrifying and highly topical. He saw it as a play which would lead us through the terrors of crowd hysteria and make us shudder at it. And in part he succeeds. But it is astounding that so very intelligent a director shouldn't also have seen that the individual episodes which spark off the hysteria in the mob are so grossly unbelievable as to undermine our belief in the crowd scenes. A week's work with the author, Mr Gerard MacLarnon, would surely have cleaned up the incredibilities—at least enough to make the rest of the play acceptable.

The actual scenes of a mob getting out of hand, drunk on whisky and religion, are themselves superbly handled. They are a Protestant mob near Belfast on the eve of The Twelfth, when traditionally they celebrate with bonfires their victory over the Pope and King James. On this night they are further incensed by the behaviour

"Did you ever taste beer?"

said Mr. Swiveller

"I had a sip of it once," said the small servant.
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Charles Dickens: The Old Curiosity Shop

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of a Catholic young man, and they turn on him and his girl and hunt them like animals. The timeliness of this theme has been heavily underlined for us in the last week or two. And the actors of the Ulster Group theatre under Mr Guthrie's direction convince us that these people are ordinary (perhaps at other times decent) people, and that 'it could all happen here', in another form. But, then, the girl and the two young men at the centre of this storm behave with such unconvincing dottiness that the whole thing comes unstuck.

T. C. WORSLEY

Edinburgh Ballets

THE stuff the choreographer must work with is human bodies. Rodolfo in his Bohemian attic can work silently at plays that no one will act, Schaunard compose grand opera scores at a cracked piano, and Marcello paint unhung pictures. But what pen and paints are to these, the actual ballet company is to the choreographer. Solitary he can dream his ideas, but to set them down he needs people and a performance. That is why the small ballet groups – the old Ballet Workshop, the Sunday Ballet Club, the Western Theatre Ballet – are so important; and why the new Festival company, Edinburgh International Ballet, deserves warm and most generous support. For this group, devised by the impresario Michael Frostick, forged by its dance director Peggy van Praagh and sponsored by the Edinburgh Festival Society, is intended as a precision instrument for the creation of new ballets. Its core is 14 regular dancers, versatile and able, and a 15-piece orchestra expertly directed by Charles Mackerras. Choreographers are invited to choose their own guest artists for leading roles, their own composers and designers. Lack of time, lack of money, and (here) the shameful inadequacy of the music-hall which houses Edinburgh's ballet, have to some extent limited its efficiency, but not obscured the magnitude of its achievement.

At first the instrument faltered. It was bound to do so since its devisers had to take some new works on trust if they were to start at all; and some choreographers let them down. Birgit Cullberg, the dramatic expressionist creator of *Miss Julie* and *Moon Reindeer*, dropped into a pallid academic language in *Circle of Love*. John Taras's *Octet* was another tired piece. Björn Holmgren decked Alfven's Swedish Rhapsody with a tinselly concoction of classical divertissement and arch folkery. Wendy Toye's *Concerto for Dancers* should have made a gay finale, but after a promising start – a ballet class dismayed by the irruption of a calypso troupe – it petered out in a formless calypso sequence. These were the failures. The first success was Walter Gore's *The Night and Silence*, a passionate and deeply communicative *pas de deux*, dealing with love and jealousy, magnificently danced by Paula Hinton and David Poole. The surprising but effectively rhetorical score was an assemblage of Bach keyboard pieces scored by Mr Mackerras.

John Cranko, in his *Secrets*, matched Poulenc's Sextet with smart brittle choreography. The problem piece was Dimitri Parlic's *Dreams*, which starts once more as a ballet class; it then becomes an obscure political satire involving a dummy ruler-figure – feared, easily destroyed, mourned, quickly forgotten – but deals also with the impact of politics on human relationships. Inchoate at the first performance, the way this ballet took shape was striking evidence of the company's proficiency. Andrée Howard's *pas de deux, La Belle Dame sans Merci* is a pale 'atmospheric' piece in half-tones, rather wispy. The solemn heraldic score by Alexander Goehr, based on Claude le Jeune, is impressive at first but grows repetitive.

To my taste the most interesting work in all the repertory is Deryk Mendel's 'choreographic cantata' *The Seventh Sacrament*, an archetypal enactment of the wedding ceremony, composed for the modern-dance duo known simply as Dominique and Françoise. He has a perfectly controlled, virile line, she an extraordinary beauty and lyricism. Expressive 'modern' movement tells affectingly of their love and dedication. Their solos and *pas de deux* are set within the solemn movements of seven acolytes. This is a chaste ballet, moving and eloquent, with a very fine score by Guy Morançon, a pupil of Messaien.

The final work, Peter Wright's *The Great Peacock* was the most exciting and the most completely realised of all. The mating habits of moths may seem curious subject-matter; but on the basis of a lyrical description in Fabre, Mr Wright has built a strongly imaginative, colourful and tautly constructed piece. Apt music by Humphrey Searle; splendid decor by Yolande Sonnabend; danced most impressively, by the regular company, led by Claudie Algeranova and David Poole.

What conclusions? First that 'big' ambitious ballets are more likely to succeed than those for two or three dancers, which (Mr Gore's excepted) have so far made a sketchy impression. That libretti must be carefully 'screened', and 'abstract' ones abandoned for a while. What matters more that the present programmes is that the company has been formed and has a repertory with excellent things in it. But – since great ballet has always been composed 'on' an existing company – it is what Edinburgh International Ballet does next which will be most significant.

ANDREW PORTER

Strange Revival

IS there a revival in Russian film-making? For years it had been in the doldrums – more bogged even than we – and then there was talk and promise of resurgence. One excellent Chekhov film, *The Grasshopper* (but hadn't we *Henry V*?); Prokofieff's *Romeo and Juliet*, with Ulanova; a commendable *Othello* – all these, divagations in and out of the theatre. Then, coming out into the open, the much-trumpeted *The Forty-First* and its desert love-in-the-guerillas seemed oddly mild, beauteous stuff, however much of a triumph it might be for its makers to dare broach any clash of political opinions. Then the other week at the Berkeley, we had a real gust of air with *Quiet Flows the Don*, which started a trilogy that won't match Donskoy's, but shows a fine energy for realism and for literary 'strong meat'. And now to the Curzon comes the most recently be-garlanded film, *The Cranes Are Flying*; it turns out to be a queer mixture of new impulses, crude melodrama, camera movement gone wild, star-making in a big way, a muddle of attack and misfire that does at least break up the old dead surfaces. But where do we stand now? Has freedom proved too heady, or is half-freedom not enough, or does freedom of the imagination depend on other things – hope, for example, anger that can't be held back, and love that is not merely something between hero and heroine? The new Communist freedom, so far as film-making goes, and despite denials of that freedom, has found its true impulse in Poland and Hungary, where they must fight for every inch.

Here at any rate is this bewildering piece. It sets off, before the titles, with two lovers skipping along an embankment – a joy too deliberate; and when they hug, and the water-cart drenches them, that is heavily overdone too; especially as, a few moments later, the girl's rat-tails have plumped out again for a fresh scene. But the lovers *are* fresh; Tatiana Samoilova as the 'Squirrel' quite captivates with unplucked eyebrows, lips unmarked, one eye liable to stray. Then the war comes – with no impact till he volunteers and goes off, and she gives in and marries his more handsome cousin. This Adonis, I'm sorry to say, is composing a concerto; but you'll find the film, after fresh starts, is often falling back on outmoded clichés. The story is still good; she betrays her love, regrets it, suffers, he is killed, her despair is only lifted by rescuing a child with her lover's name, and at last she gives flowers to everyone at the triumphal homecoming. It is a touching ending, for which Tatiana Samoilova has been dressed to star all in white. Spontaneity, cliché, a dazzling use of the camera and unconscious parodies of *Rashomon* and of every heroine who has had to run off her grief – such contradictions meet us at every turn in a film that is naive, skilled, exciting, and somehow unreal.

At the Cameo-Poly two French films do rather better than French films have of late. *The Crimson Curtain*, directed by Alexandre Astruc, takes a story by Barbey d'Aurevilly, of a tired young officer seduced by a convent girl (Anouk), and extracts its full literary flavour by substituting narrative for dialogue, offset against what is almost a silent film. This is effective in its manner: in fact, it suggests that in these days of screen space and roar one way of reaching for art is eclectic confinement. The other film, *The Face of the Cat*, with Françoise Arnoul, tells a tale of Resistance and love for an enemy – but better than usual.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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IT is the grit and staying power of British dancers that help to keep British ballet companies together. Where foreign groups split and re-form in a different pattern, our dancers cling determinedly together, thereby gaining continuity of repertoire, if not that renewed ambition which a fresh start can often engender.

At present there are three British ballet companies competing in London. The youngest is the Festival Ballet (at the Festival Hall), which had its ninth birthday last Tuesday with a gala performance to mark the occasion. There were guest artists from Milan and *The New Ballet* by Paddy Stone. This latter is a gay, undistinguished piece of work in a kind of modern, abstract style. The choreography has vitality, a good many conventional stunts, and is built on little chunks of music by six different composers. The company worked energetically; but it was the Italian ballerina, Carla Fracci, who gave me the greatest pleasure. She appeared to dance so easily and with such personal enjoyment: her gestures were never mingy and her smile was never forced. The art of ballet should certainly be taken seriously, but earnestness should be concealed.

Earnestness shows through the Ballet Rambert (at Sadler's Wells), but it is the bravest little company in existence. It has fought on and on since I was a child, with marvellous steadfastness of purpose: always prepared to try out fresh ideas, while holding tenaciously to high ideals. On Monday the prize-winning ballet, *Epithalame*, was shown in between firmer favourites such as *Laiderette*, by Kenneth Macmillan, and *Firefties*, by Walter Gore. *Epithalame*, with costumes and choreography by Deryk Mendel and music by Jean Guillaume, is described as a 'hymn to marriage'. A pure young couple in white, attended by five female coolies, dance before a white backcloth with a planet or sun that comes and goes. This orb and a good deal else are plainly symbolic, but of what I could not understand. It is a slow ballet, pretty in its way, but never stimulating. The company has always been inclined to dance untidily, though it is a rather interesting untidiness that comes from a struggle for individuality, not conformity.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Shostakovich Piano Concerto, at the Proms

At last Friday's Promenade Concert, Sir Malcolm Sargent and the BBC Symphony Orchestra gave, with Miss Eileen Joyce as soloist, the first performance in this country of the new Piano Concerto by Shostakovich. It is curious that a composer who has written several distinguished symphonies and who is himself a notable pianist should be unwilling to take the piano concerto form seriously, but the first concerto (for piano and trumpet) is a frivolous, skittish work and the new piece is even less substantial.

It was written for the composer's twenty-year-old son, Maxim, and its avowed intention is to be within the technical capacities of a young player and to be attractive to young listeners. But, even allowing for these limitations, it hardly seemed to be good of its kind. As music for young people, it cut a poor figure beside Britten's *Young Person's Guide*. Even light utility music has standards: and neither in melodic invention nor in its scoring did this piece at all approach the distinction of comparable works by Ravel, say, or Prokofiev. There was a certain pale charm in the first movement, but the seven-eight bustle in the finale seemed feeble and repetitive and not even Miss Joyce could disguise the banality of the slow movement.

E. T.

Correspondence

UNIVERSITY BLUES

SIR,—In his article in your issue of 30 August, Mr Wedderburn, after giving figures to show the preponderance of public school boys at Oxbridge says: 'What, in effect, emerges is the simple fact that you cannot have democratic universities without a reasonably democratic school system. That a Socialist party can find no way of reforming an institution which, more than any other, divides our society in two, is ridiculous'. Many of us will agree. If, however, the party is not prepared to take over the public schools and their endowments, why should it justify its inaction by the argument that a citizen who wishes to buy private education for his children cannot in a free country be prohibited from so doing? This puts the transaction on the same basis as buying and keeping a race-horse. Surely the effects of the two kinds of expenditure are entirely different? If Mr A buys a race-horse, he does not prevent Mr B from doing the same—if he can afford it—and the transaction ends there. But if instead Mr A buys a place for his son at an independent school, the expenditure has long-term consequences.

In the first place he is acquiring for his son a larger share of the scarce teaching force than is available for Mr B's son. During the war public opinion did not tolerate attempts by parents to get more than the official ration of food for their children. Is the situation so different now?

In the second place, the smaller classes and other amenities which money buys, gives Mr A's son a better chance of winning a scholarship at Oxbridge than has Mr B's, even if the academic ability of the two is equal. When it comes to admission as a commoner, the public school background counts heavily. All entrants to Oxbridge are interviewed, and Mr Wedderburn says that 'too many of those who inter-

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view for such admissions display an "old boy" bias of the public school boy'.

But the advantages do not end there. Entrants to the Foreign Office show a large preponderance of public school boys, and no one will deny that a public school background is helpful in other employments also. In fact if Mr A's son has not the ability to go to the university, he has the chance of getting a better job straight from school than has Mr B's. The question of the freedom of a citizen to spend his money as he likes is not so simple as the authors of *Learning to Live* assume.

Even if the public schools are to be left alone, why does not the Labour Party adopt the proposal put forward by John Vaizey in last month's *Socialist Commentary* and limit state scholarships to pupils of the maintained and direct grant schools? There would be nothing revolutionary in this proposal. When state scholarships were first introduced in 1920 they were confined to those pupils. It was not until 1936 when the number was increased that they were opened to pupils from independent schools. The following figures show the effect of this change.

State Scholarships awarded on GCE examination:
in 1937 10 per cent. went to pupils from independent schools.
in 1947 11 per cent. went to pupils from independent schools.
in 1957 23 per cent. went to pupils from independent schools.

Supplemental State Scholarships first awarded in 1946:
in 1947 26 per cent. went to pupils from independent schools.
in 1957 40 per cent. went to pupils from independent schools.

L.E.A. awards (no particulars of school education available before 1950):
in 1950 14 per cent. went to pupils from independent schools.
in 1957 29 per cent. went to pupils from independent schools.

Mr Vaizey draws the analogy with the Health Service. People who can afford to contract out and pay a private GP and a private surgeon when necessary, pay also for their hospital fees and the full cost of their drugs. Similarly if parents can afford to pay the cost of private schooling for ten years, surely it can be assumed they can pay the cost of three or four years at the university? If it be argued that as taxpayers they are entitled to benefits provided from public funds, though this argument is not allowed with regard to the Health Service, the answer is that even university students who pay full fees are subsidised to the extent of six-sevenths of the cost of their course. If the Labour Party adopted this proposal it would not mean the end of the public schools but it might help the 'withering away' process. Parents would think twice before incurring the heavy cost of a public school education, if it meant debarring their sons and daughters from university scholarships, and it would —on the 1957 figure—make available for the maintained and direct grant pupils over 4,000 extra awards without any increased cost to public funds.

SHENA D. SIMON

Didsbury, Manchester

HOOLIGANS OF NOTTING HILL

SIR,—It is not necessary to have instances like Nottingham and Notting Hill to be awakened to the realities of the attitude of the British to racial discrimination. One glance at the British Empire is adequate for the purpose.

I think it is true to say that through the imperialist expansion of the Anglo-Saxon, his search for economic expansion and relief of class tension, wherever he has come into contact with not only the African, but also the Asian, the seeds of racial discrimination have been sown. This moral impediment inflicted on the human race far exceeds the measure of material advantages gained.

When looking at the conduct of peoples in South and East Africa, and also Australia, one finds a social epidemic which has its roots in this expansion. Today responsibility for it is disowned by the people of Britain. The germ of the epidemic has been taken from these shores, so it is no use Britain now condemning those who are infected.

The incidents which we are now seeing in England are the natural offshoots of both past and present conduct. They have been fed into existence from sources ranging from the returned missionaries who entertained their congregations with stories of primitive, silly people, through the schools which teach of insanitary, helpless and backward peoples; the radio and the press who use racialist terms in reporting and the financial interests which have only one value—the acquisition of wealth.

L. M. IFILL

4 St Quintin Ave, W10

SIR,—Your editorial very skilfully places the blame for the rioting at Notting Hill on 'young thugs' and by innuendo cites the Irish community (the first time I have heard them mentioned in this context). Obviously this was written with foreign opinion in view as the inference can be drawn that the indigenous population had nothing to do with it.

The facts, however, are other than you suggest. The indigenous population has everything to do with it both locally and at an administrative level. Locally by appalling housing conditions and exorbitant rents also, as you hint, by the failure of such quasi-social-welfare organisations as the churches to solve the problem of contemporary youth.

Failure is also evident from the point of view of administration in such departments as colonial affairs, social economy, industrial psychology and all the other subjects which have been studied by the public schoolboys in the civil service who have been expensively educated indirectly by the mass of the working class who now find themselves in this dilemma in two parts of the economic jungle known as Nottingham and Notting Hill.

THOMAS SPIERS

40 Lambert Road, SW2

LUCE HISTORY

SIR,—Admirable though your special number on America was, yet I am always somewhat sceptical of the omniscience of the authors of such general surveys. Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr, wrote in that issue: 'Under the influence of *Time*, the relentless notation of external detail (the colour of a man's suit, the condition of his hair and what he had for dinner) has created a spurious conception of journalistic "truth" which has driven out analysis and ideas.' But as I nodded with agreement, I remembered a review of his own last book in the January issue of *Political Quarterly*: 'It is written in a slick . . . aggressively popular style. . . . His impressionistic style of social history becomes in fact the "personalised" morass of irrelevance of the worst political journalism: we are told that John Nance Garner liked lamb chops and fruit for breakfast (what character!) and that, when F.D.R. and his economic adviser met Hoover and his man during the interregnum, the one side smoked cigars and the other (democratically) smoked cigarettes.' And, if I do not misquote myself, the review went on to speculate about the reasons for his need 'to ape *Time*-style and *Time*-technique'.

Surely this self-bamboozlement in Schlesinger—for it is not mere cant—arises from the bogus nature of his radicalism? He and his fellow 'true' or 'radical' American liberals are in fact far closer in political thought to the 'big-business' or 'economic' liberals than they like to admit; both sides are merely a different stress amid a common doctrine. He is driven unwittingly into *Time*-style and *Time*-technique for the same reason as the writers of *Time* itself: personality must be substituted for principle when your opponents are in fact more like yourself—amid the enervatingly liberal, middle-class classless society of America—than is convenient to admit. Analysis of this dilemma must come before the denunciation of its fruits—especially if one eats the same apple that one throws.

BERNARD CRICK

Houghton Street, WC2

ZERO AND *MERLIN*

SIR,—Anyone who attempts retrospectively to bring some sort of order into the confusion of post-war literary exile as Mr G. Lichtenstein has recently done in your pages is bound to make those effulgent generalisations with which one can argue endlessly. As one of the two editors of *Zero*, may I point out that *Zero* never acknowledged either Beckett or Genet as one or both of its 'masters'. In 1948, I had neither met them nor read their books.

Undoubtedly, Mr Lichtenstein has made his statement in order to strengthen the observation that *Zero* and *Merlin* were more inclined towards European literature than American. *Merlin*, perhaps—it was edited by Mr Alex Trocchi, a Scotsman, who did much to make available the work of Beckett. *Zero*, on the other hand, was primarily concerned in publishing the works of Americans who were living and working in Europe. The first issue contained only two contributions which came from the States: Kenneth Patchen's and W. C. Williams's, and the only European to appear in that issue was C. Isherwood, who was writing about South America, and had resided in California for many years. All the other contributions came from writers and painters who were seriously concerned with the need to work in an environment which permitted them to have a trans-atlantic view of themselves.

Admittedly, I am today appalled at such a grossly isolated point of view, smacking of colonialism (I should like to have printed the works of Beckett and Genet), but ten years ago, it was important, as Mr Lichtenstein will know, to find out what, as an American, the American was doing in Europe, and *Zero* set out to do only that.

A. BENVENISTE

Tenterden, Kent

CONFESSIONS IN ULSTER

SIR,—In your issue of 30 August Mr W. Douglas, secretary of the Ulster Unionist Council, wrote: 'For every vote cast for Sinn Fein (in the 1955 general election) five were registered for the maintenance of Northern Ireland's constitutional position. . . .'

Sinn Fein received 23.5 per cent. and Ulster Unionists 68.5 per cent. of the total votes cast. Perhaps Mr Douglas will tell us if the Special Powers Act also applies to mathematics.

S. ANTHONY

21 Elmbank Avenue, Barnet
Herts

FOOTNOTE TO ST HELENS

SIR,—Since my name has been mentioned in your issue of 16 August, perhaps you would kindly permit me to comment on your observations.

In various press reports since December 1956, when I was suspended from the Fire Brigades Union and during the period leading up to the St Helens by-election, I have been at times amused and on other occasions amazed at statements purporting to have been made by responsible persons, reporters and special correspondents. The mixture of half-truths, conjecture and innuendo over matters in which one has been concerned tends to make one even more sceptical with regard to all news items where any attempt is made to proceed beyond the facts.

First, 'the peculiar intrigue' to which you allude was more the fabrication of journalistic enthusiasm than factual; nothing hinted at was ever proved or even attempted to be proved. As for myself, 'at that time in dispute with the Fire Brigades Union', I am still suspended from that organisation. As for reasons why the local Labour Party executive allowed my name to go forward, perhaps it was something to do with the several years' work I had put in on behalf of the party. To report that my nomination was allowed to 'pass unchallenged' is not true. I had long conversations with Mr Reg. Wallis, who was acting on behalf of the Labour Party NEC, accompanied by the local Labour secretary-agent. At no time was there any interest in my religious belief, which you now demonstrate in your reference to me as 'an active Roman Catholic politician'. Your odd phrase is, in fact, somewhat amusing; is this a new concept? Are men and women who are active in the trade union and political field in future to be designated Mr or Mrs So-and-So, the X-worshipping (or whatever it may be) politician? Would it not be more accurate to describe people as professing a particular creed or none and membership of a certain political party, or is the designed intention to turn if possible an individual's religious belief into a political millstone?

Apart from your correspondent, who seemed to think 'Mr Curran . . . had got into trouble with the left wing in his union over Hungary', no one conversant with the facts ever suffered from this delusion. If my occupation had depended on trade union membership, I may have been unemployed as a consequence of my actions. Small wonder that many men in the trade union movement prefer to pay their union dues and ignore all other activity, often with regrettable consequences. The TUC would do well to examine this position. It is all too easy for unscrupulous men to find an excuse to suspend members who do not conform to 'rule' or the particular 'party line' and so leave the way clear to foist certain aims and policies on to larger bodies of men often not in a position to acquaint themselves with all aspects of a situation. I have in mind certain domestic problems confronting at least two other of our larger unions at the present time.

I would refer to *Personal Freedom*, Labour's policy for the individual and society, as also to *A Giant's Strength*, some thoughts on the constitutional and legal position of trade unions in England.

AUSTIN F. CURRAN

16 Ansdell Drive
St Helens
Lancashire

THEODORE MASON

SIR,—Mr Berger does not like the brief notice I wrote in the *Manchester Guardian* of Major's show at the Crane Gallery, and in his anger he is less than fair. Please permit me to put the record straight.

(i) Earth or any other colours admixed with black and white (and other ways) become greys. In any case the colour content of the paintings is minimal, their visual effect monochromatic.

(ii) Theodore Major paints with large brushes and achieves his images with vigour, economy and a fair degree of precision. However crude or clumsy the image may be as an image, it is pursued with the kind of skill only acquired after many years of handling paint. Mr Berger, I think deliberately, misreads technical comment as æsthetic judgment.

(iii) In many of the paintings (the one reproduced is not typical) the general tone is extremely low, with a few graduated tones grouped at the lower end. Into this darkness are splashed tones from the top of the scale. This is an old, old dodge, which adds nothing to content, everything to false theatrical effect, and I believe that the lonely human tragedy of life can be more deeply expressed without it.

It is probably true that this artist's earlier work has been underrated, although not grossly, and not by me. It is always possible that Mr Berger has discovered genius, but if so he expounds it strangely. Those who know something about painting, and about Wigan, will find his present testimony little short of laughable. Even with bright inner light, man cannot paint in the dark: the painters of Wigan, and there are several, see their half tones clearly enough. The town stands bright and surprisingly clean on the edge of the Fylde country, its light fairly strictly comparable with that of a small market town. Mr Berger's vision of its crumbling darkness is the romantic chimera of a man so intoxicated by words and ideas that he can no longer see things plain to humbler men. This is the kindest interpretation, for Mr Berger has been to Wigan. If he really saw it, then he has based his argument upon wilful falsehood. Neither way will it help Mr Major.

ANTHONY TUCKER

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Dr. LINUS PAULING, Nobel Prizewinner
Professor C. H. WADDINGTON, F.R.S.

and other Scientists attending the third Pugwash Conference of international scientists in Austria will be cross-examined about atomic and hydrogen bombs and the responsibility of the Scientist in the Nuclear Age,

by

HENRY FAIRLIE
LUDOVIC KENNEDY
MARGARET LANE
NEIL LAWSON

Central Hall, Westminster
Monday, September 22nd 7.30 p.m.

Tickets: 1/- from 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In the Great Tradition

After being slipped out of Russia in manuscript, Boris Pasternak's novel *Dr Zhivago** appeared in French and Italian translation last year and is now done into English by two able translators, Max Hayward and Manya Harari. It has not appeared in Russia and could hardly do so, one imagines, without severe cuts. Formless, digressive, vague in time scale as it is, it is the first work of genius to come out of Russia since the revolution, or at any rate since the Stalinist repression. It is unique in that it is an undirected piece of writing.

Those who expect some kind of counter-revolutionary or anti-Soviet scandal from the book will be disappointed. It is not, in that sense, a political novel at all, although it is entirely about the effects of the revolution of 1905, the first world war, the 1917 revolution and the last war, upon a group of families of the upper-class intelligentsia and others. Pasternak is a-political. His temper is Christian; Marxism is dismissed scornfully as half-baked folly and pomposity. The ground is cleared for an account of what really happens to people in catastrophe and the human, moral and spiritual loss. Pasternak has written a confession of anguish. We see it largely in the experiences of Dr Zhivago, a young doctor and poet who is neither for nor against the regime, but who suffers and endures. The son of an alcoholic, wild millionaire whose suicide is unforgettably described in the opening chapter, Zhivago is a man torn in half by events. He survives for a long time partly because he is a doctor. He sympathises with the revolutionary desire for social justice but many of his friends are on the White rather than the Red side. His chief idea is to save his wife and family and to get away from Moscow to some peaceful spot. He gets them, after an appalling journey, to Siberia. He is separated from them when he is taken prisoner by Partisans who need a doctor, although he frankly tells them he is not of their party. When he escapes he finds his wife has got away to Paris. He is starving and pursued but – cool, indecisive, numbed in heart by suffering – he makes no attempt to join her; neither, at the end of his long and moving love-affair with a woman called Lara – whom we have met earlier as a seduced schoolgirl – does he stick to her and save himself. Wrecked in health and demoralised, he goes to pieces in Moscow, marries a peasant girl, deserts her and dies, eventually, of a heart attack while trying to open the window of a Moscow tram. He is the complete Soviet non-hero; yet at his death, his poems and diaries are treasured by the young generation. They recognise the integrity of the irreclaimable citizen who has grudging respect for the Soviet system.

As a novelist's just interpretation of the rights and wrongs of history and revolution, *Dr Zhivago* is useless. A political critic would say that it wilfully left out half the drama and argument. Pasternak would agree. He would add that people who are living history cannot know what history really is. Dr Zhivago himself is a passive and truthful character – a man out of E. M. Forster – and he survives, as long as he does, by submission to fate. It is a strength because he is inflexible in the sense of vocation. He reminds one of Chekhov.

The temper of Zhivago's mind can be judged best in a few passages. Back from the Front in the first world war and seeing the revolution, he finds his upper-class friends colourless:

> The fooling, the right to idleness enjoyed by the few while the majority suffered, could itself create an illusion of genuine character and originality.
>
> But how quickly, once the lower classes and the rich had lost their privileges, how these people faded! How effortlessly they had given up the habit of independent thought – which at this rate could never in fact have been genuinely theirs!

On the leap from peace to 'mass insanity and to the savagery of daily, hourly, legalised, rewarded slaughter', Zhivago says:

> It was then that falsehood came to our Russian land. The great misfortune, the root of all the evil to come, was the loss of faith in the value of personal opinions. People imagined that it was out of date to follow their moral sense, that they must all sing in chorus, and live by other people's notions, the notions that were being crammed down everybody's throat. And there arose the power of the glittering phrase, first tsarist and then revolutionary. . . . Instead of being natural and spontaneous as we had always been we began to be idiotically pompous with each other.

He is sick of 'claptrap in praise of the revolution and the regime'. He can't accept that 'they' are all radiant heroes and he 'a mean little fellow'. A brilliant diagnostician, he is interested in mimesis in organisms. He gives a lecture, and there is a party outcry against his 'idealism, mysticism, neo-Schellingism'. The vulgarity of it disgusts him. Antipov – the husband of Lara, Zhivago's mistress – is a commissar whose star is beginning to fade. He is infected by obsessive self-criticism and the desire to confess:

> It was the disease, the revolutionary madness of the age; that in his heart everyone was utterly different from his words and the outward appearance he assumed. No-one had a clear conscience. Everyone had some reason to feel that he was guilty of everything, that he was an impostor, an undetected criminal. The slightest pretext was enough to launch an orgy of self-torture. People slandered and accused themselves, not only out of terror but of their own will, from a morbidly destructive impulse, in a state of metaphysical trance, carried away by that passion for self-condemnation, which cannot be checked once it has been given free rein.

Zhivago's perennial longing is to get away from the emptiness and dullness of human verbosity and to take refuge in nature, in sleep, in grinding labour or understanding 'rendered speechless by emotion'.

But Zhivago's musings are a small part of a book which has countless precise pictures of revolutionary happenings, as they appeared to the private eye of the characters. Some, like the young Zhivago, the young Lara, the young Pasha, the young Tonya, have grown up in quiet intellectual circles; but there are the railway workers, the peasants, individuals taken out of the Russian mass and soon to be scattered, martyrised or transformed. In twenty-odd years they became unrecognizable to one another. The shy Pasha will become the truculent commissar; Lara, the sensual, tormented girl who was seduced while still at school, will become the austere hospital nurse, the difficult wife and – after her sufferings – the tragic mistress. Fatal separations come sooner or later to all and destroy the heart.

From the point of realism, Pasternak's use of far-fetched coincidence to bring about meetings with his characters is absurd; but this book is really a romance in which the novelist is seeking the lineament or texture of a fate, not the detail of adventure or a construct of event and character. He jumps, without explanation, to new places and situations. How does Zhivago escape arrest after his unpopular lecture? How does he get to his hiding place in the forest? How did he intrigue? What happens to Lara when she is torn from Zhivago and goes off to degradation in China? These things are left out or are slurred over. The very slurring adds to our sense of the immeasurable quality of the general disaster. He conveys that cataclysms observably remove *meaning* from people's lives without leaving them futile.

Several large episodes stand out in the book, especially the long, quiet and unforgettable account of the Zhivago family's journey of escape by cattle-truck to Siberia. It takes them into the heart of the civil war, and yet (by a freak of war) into a village which is little touched by it and still living the old life. There are small episodes like the grotesque death of the revolutionary soldier Gintz who slips into a water-butt when he is making a speech. Simply because this happens suddenly and he looks so silly, a Cossack shoots him. Pasternak has an eye for the gratuitous actions of life; it deceives both in its fears and assurances. When the street fighting breaks out in Moscow, the Zhivago family is far more preoccupied with a fanatical attempt to make their stove work. Their child gets a sore throat and temperature and the guests they are sheltering bore them with ceaseless chatter. That is how revolution comes. Everywhere people are carrying their core of private life about with them. There is no cliché of invention in Pasternak; there is no eccentricity either. He has the eye of nature. Another refreshing quality is the freedom from the Anglo-American obsession with sex. In love, he is concerned with the heart. It is hard to imagine an English, French or American novel on Pasternak's subject, that would not be an orgy of rape or creeping sexuality.

Dr Zhivago is a great mound of minutely observed particulars and this particularity is, of course, expressive of his central attitude – his stand for private life and integrity. Even the look of the newspaper in which Zhivago reads the first news of the revolution is described. He

* *Dr Zhivago*. By Boris Pasternak. Translated by *Max Hayward* and *Manya Harari*. *Collins*. 18s.

stands reading, overwhelmed, in the snow which 'covered the pages with a grey, rustling, snowy gruel'. There is a similar instantaneous detail in the lovely observations of nature. The snow melts, the forest comes to life in the smoking and steaming months of the thaw.

> Ancient pine trees, perched on dizzy heights, drank moisture almost from the clouds and it foamed and dried a rusty white at their roots like beer-foam on a moustache. The very sky, drunk with spring and giddy with its fumes, thickened with clouds. Low clouds, drooping at the edges like felt, sailed over the woods, and rain leapt from them, warm, smelling of soil and sweat, and washing the last of the armour-plating of ice from the earth.
>
> Yury woke up, stretched, raised himself on one elbow and looked and listened.

At another point, in a vermin-infested house, he writes of the rats flopping down and squealing in their disgusting, pitiful, contralto voices'.

The translators speak of the difficulty of translating a prose which, although simple and even colloquial, is also alive with images and written with an ear for the association of sounds and words. They have done well.

Dr Zhivago might be called an autobiography which breaks the rules and turns novel, reckless of form and restrictions of point of view. Pasternak never resists any hour of life that can be crystallised and fixed for ever, even if it is a digression. But we can guess, from Dr Zhivago's notes and especially from one which defends the 'seemingly incongruous jumble of things and ideas in the work of the Symbolists against the charge of stylistic fancy', that Pasternak's writing lives in the instant. The chief characters appear and then dive out of sight into time. Moving, urgent, vivid, they are suddenly swept away into nothingness. Zhivago's mistress vanishes into the street, was probably arrested (he says) and died in some labour camp 'as so many people did in those days'.

This does not make them seem futile. Zhivago's demoralisation has the effect of giving edge to his moral criticism. He is scornful when two of his friends, who are jailed and 're-educated', boast of their reformation: Dudorov taking the text-book orthodoxy of his sentiments as a sign of humanity. 'Men who are not free, he thought, idealise their bondage' says Zhivago.

> Health is ruined by the systematic duplicity forced on people if you say the opposite of what you feel, if you grovel before what you dislike and rejoice at what brings you nothing but misfortune. Your nervous system isn't a fiction, it's a fact of your physical body and your soul exists in space and is inside you like the teeth in your head. You can't keep isolating it with impunity. I found it painful to listen to you, Nicky, when you told how you were re-educated and grew up in jail. It was like listening to a circus horse describing how it broke itself in.

The doctor is the self-perfecting man and saint who goes downhill as a citizen rather than be neutered by mediocre optimism. His story marks the return to the compassion of the great Russian tradition. It repudiates the long, long reign of highly-coloured journalism and neo-Victorianism in Soviet writing.

V. S. PRITCHETT

An Interview

Have you lived long, sir, in these parts?
– That hill would not think so.
What are your favourite loves, your special hates?
– The things I do not know.

Have you never wanted to move on?
– I have known that despair.
Yet you haven't actually up sticks and gone?
– Perhaps next year.

Have you seen many changes since you came?
– I have seen the green branch bare.
Yet I suppose a lot of things are the same?
– Your questionnaire.

What have you been doing all this time?
– Making my will,
Committing and solving crime,
Watching the sun over that hill.

What made you come here in the first place, sir?
– It was not the first place.
Then you have memories going back earlier?
– As a child I stole fruit, was in disgrace.

But you've done pretty well since then?
– It was only one tree:
They say each year it drips with blood again,
Tears for my victory.

What is the secret of your long innings, sir?
Have you any tips to pass on to us?
– Try and grow used to the place of every star
And forget your own dark house.

K. W. GRANSDEN

The Double Standard

Essays on The Welfare State. By RICHARD TITMUSS. *Allen & Unwin.* 20s.

At the turn of the century there was a profound change in the outlook of what were then called 'social workers': Booth, Rowntree and the group centred upon the Charity Organisation Society had been asking 'who are the poor?' – a question that arose from the need to identify and classify the deserving objects of philanthropy. But, as the organised Labour movement developed within the framework of Liberal reformism, the Webbs changed the question. They began to ask 'why are they poor, and what should be done about it?' – a line of inquiry that led on the one hand to the establishment of the London School of Economics and on the other to *Labour and the New Social Order*. As Professor Titmuss points out, the range of inquiry and social policy opened out by this new approach was rich enough to sustain a generation of research and legislation, and it is only now, as we consider how to move beyond the apparent impasse of the Welfare State, that we can see the need for a new view of society.

That view can be glimpsed in this important book. Professor Titmuss has not yet given us – to borrow a phrase from the physical sciences – a 'unified field theory', but in these collected essays and in the work of some of his younger associates, such as Peter Townsend, Brian Abel-Smith and John Vaizey, one may find the concepts which are going to remake our attitude to social policy. For, so far, we have all laboured under the heritage of the Webbs, and that has meant that our social services have 'had their character moulded by the moral assumptions of the nineteenth century'. Despite the magnificent work done by the Webbs in leading the collectivist revolt against the poor law, they were still Victorian moralists – hear the value judgments that echo in every phrase of Beatrice Potter! – and because they accepted this moral system, because they had 'no new insights into the social phenomena of human needs and behaviour, the ideas and methods of the poor law were transplanted to the new social services'.

This is the point at which Titmuss starts. From it he develops his analysis of our dual standards for social welfare – the services which are provided *for* those in obvious need, and the services enjoyed *by* the middle-class. The first category, broadly speaking, consists of those services which we regard as the props of the Welfare State: National Insurance, the Health Service, family allowances, and so on. It is common practice to criticise these on grounds of expense, or to say that they are destroying initiative – the president of the BMA in 1913, Sir James Barr, said that medical insurance for workers would produce 'a race of gently-reared hot-house plants' – and to insist that they give 'value for money'. In the second category are such disguised services (Titmuss calls them forms of 'fiscal and occupational welfare') as income-tax allowances, expense accounts, university subsidies, or top-hat pension schemes. These are not only immune from middle-class criticism: most of the middle-class people who benefit from them are not aware that they are very expensive social services. The businessman who feels that working-class mothers are 'squandering' their family allowances has no qualms about receiving a far larger sum in the form of tax-relief for his children.

In one example after another, Titmuss shows how we have wrapped social welfare in a cocoon of middle-class mythology. Consider, for instance, the myth of the 'family doctor' – a concept that before the Health Service belonged entirely to a

'Extraordinary, haunting piece of work'

wrote **Eudora Welty**—'This novel is an extraordinary, haunting piece of work, as sharply felt and, in its succeeding images, as sharply lit as dream or nightmare—where it is the reader's experience to come across in the deepest reaches of blackness a flashing point of hilarity, and gleams of beauty and mystery.'

And in the **Daily Telegraph** Kenneth Young writes: 'What brings it all to startling life is Mr. Foff's vivid phraseology and his remarkable ability to bring together, almost in one sentence, the atmosphere of the city and the tortuous emotions of his characters, and to fuse them in one brilliant, dramatic image . . . He reminds us how eternally fresh and exciting the English language is.'

ARTHUR FOFF
NORTH OF MARKET
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small section of the population. In a terse footnote of 12 lines, Titmuss lists the reasons why, before 1948, the GP did not serve the working-class as a 'family doctor', and concludes: 'Even since 1948 the general practitioner does not seem to have functioned as a family doctor to more than a limited extent'. Again, consider the argument that prosperity has given the working-class 'middle-class values'. How can the social outlook of those 'with no incremental ladder in front of them, no middle-class ethos of economic ascent, no provision of lump-sum payments at 60 and more worth-while pensions in old age' be the same as that of the white-collar groups, or even comprehensible to them? The whole of our social policy is riddled with such class assumptions: one striking illustration is the calm way in which the Phillips Committee disregarded the cost of tax-relief for occupational pension schemes when it suggested that these would save the Exchequer money – though more revenue is being lost in this way than is being demanded to support the growth of state pensions.

It is this double standard which has led to the defects in our welfare system of which we are at last becoming aware. Titmuss himself played an important part in persuading the Labour Party to abandon the Beveridge approach to social insurance (in this case the dualism has become evident and intolerable) in favour of a national superannuation scheme which bears more resemblance to reality. But what does he propose in its place? First, that social policy should be seen as a whole, and not as a series of arbitrary services which have grown up to meet particular needs. Secondly, that it must be regarded, not as the twentieth-century form of 'Bismarckian benevolence', but as the indispensable lubricant for the machine of mass industrial society.

If social policy is to be rescued from the 'Welfare State' ideology, we must plan ahead, rather than try to patch up problems long after they have arisen. And this raises many difficulties – not least, the fact that it is easier to mobilise opinion against a current injustice than to persuade politicians and the public to prepare for a situation that may lie ten years ahead. (I take, as one example, the genuine inability of many Socialists to understand that the present drift of pension policy is to create 'more inequality in old age than in working life', or that we are bent on providing pensions for a population of elderly men when the largest class of aged dependants in the future is likely to be elderly women.) Our failure to do this in the past has led to grotesque distortion and misunderstanding. By health measures and birth control, for instance, we brought about 'a revolutionary enlargement of freedom for women' in the last fifty years, with the result that the contemporary mother now has half her total life expectancy ahead of her when she has completed the cycle of motherhood. But have we adjusted our concept of the woman's place in our society, her opportunities for work and the creative use of leisure? A little, under pressure – the fantastic expansion of the women's magazines is a small clue to what is happening. Yet we have not begun to appreciate, let alone use properly, the enormous reserve of female energy and talent we now have at our disposal. It is his ability to see such problems whole, and in a fresh light, that makes Professor Titmuss the pioneer of a new social policy that has immense implications.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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DENT

Riots of the Left

King Mob. By CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

This stupid and uninformative title conceals what is in fact a detailed, thoughful and well-written study of the Gordon Riots of 1780 and their inspirer. It appears also to be authoritative – I have to say 'appears' because Mr Hibbert has omitted any of the usual notes, and gives no authority for any of his statements, quotations or anecdotes. But so far as I can test them from my own knowledge, they are all authentic. Certainly, a competent account of the Gordon Riots was overdue; this is more than competent, it is in places exciting.

The brief story of the Riots is fairly well known. A mild Bill for Catholic relief had been passed with but little notice. A half-mad member of the house of Gordon, Lord George Gordon, MP, the head or at least figurehead of the Protestant Association, organised a vast petition against it. Some thousands of his followers besieged the Houses of Parliament, knocking down or beating the peers or Commons whom they suspected of disagreeing with them. Lord George refused to make them disperse; nevertheless the House rejected the petition and was with difficulty disentangled from its assailants by the use of the military. Lord George's disappointed followers turned to destruction in the City of London; for days it was at the mercy of a mob. The chapels, houses, factories and warehouses of Roman Catholics and their friends were burned and looted; the prisons were destroyed and the convicts freed; there were many dead. The magistrates were supine – almost the only individuals to show energy were, of all people, George III, Jack Wilkes, and Sir John Fielding the blind magistrate.

The episode was one of those sudden storms, like the General Strike or the abdication of Edward VIII, which at the moment causes the greatest agitation and yet seems to have no sequel. (On a very long view, that does not usually turn out to be true – nor is it true of the Gordon riots.)

Its story abounds with morals and parallels, especially at the moment, for race riots are in no way essentially different from religious riots. Consider, translating them into modern terms, the appearance of the hard core of fanatics: 'They talked of dying in the good cause, they had long lank heads of hair, meagre countenances, fiery eyes, and they uttered deep ejaculations'. And James Fisher, their Goebbels, 'a very fluent orator, specious and crouching and submissive, with a plentiful command of crying and whining about religion in his speeches, and no lack of buffoonery and low jesting'. The Protestant fears were not wholly baseless – for the Catholics and the Catholic powers had been and still were the enemies of religious and personal freedom – but they had been inflamed by influential and self-righteous personalities who should have known better. 'No government,' announced John Wesley roundly, 'ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion'.

But let us not comfort ourselves by labelling these riots a 'reactionary' movement. Lord George considered himself what would now be called 'a man of the Left' and so did his followers, who never forgave Wilkes because he turned on them and put them down. There could be few more salutary (and more tedious) duties for a modern MP who takes his politics seriously than to read the speeches of Lord George. He was passionately sincere; he believed in the common people; he was resolute and courageous; he rejected all compromise. But he never thought. He accepted the slogans, as we should now call them, of the Left of the day, and was satisfied to advocate them with more violence than anyone else. He roused the old guard by the phrases which were charged with emotion (for him as much as for them) and to their ranks were swiftly added the equivalent of the Notting Hill roughs of today.

Perhaps he was discomfited by the sight of what he had done; perhaps he was only discomfited by his failure. He disappeared from active politics, became a Jew and called himself Israel bar Abraham George Gordon, and died in 1793, trying to sing *Ça Ira* with his last breath.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

New Novels

Venus in Sparta. By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Never Come Morning. By NELSON ALGREN. *Spearman.* 15*s.*

Burden of the Seed. By KATHLEEN SULLY. *Davies.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Prospects are Pleasing. By HONOR TRACY. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Venus in Sparta and *Never Come Morning* contrast very nicely with each other. Mr Auchincloss's corner of America is the world of New York bankers who commute by seaplane between Wall Street and Long Island: with each novel he writes reviewers murmur respectfully 'James', 'Edith Wharton', in deference alike to his subject-matter and to the elegance of his prose. Mr Algren, anything but elegant, reminds reviewers of Steinbeck. His province is South Chicago and its inhabitants during the depression: illiterate, inarticulate Polish immigrants and their offspring, caught up through poverty in crime:

the dumbest of dumb oxen. The trouble with both is that one has read their novels before.

Venus in Sparta is yet another rendering of the current American version of the man in the impossible situation, the 'holder of one position, wrong for years'. Michael Farish, at 45 the vice-president of the Hudson River Trust Company, discovers more or less simultaneously that his wife is unfaithful to him, that his son is a nasty little Jew- and Negro-baiter, and that a professional error made many years before, which might be construed as a piece of sharp practice, may cost his firm 300,000 dollars and lose him his reputation as a banker. Throughout his life, during his prep-school days, his service in the Navy and his business career, he has been the smooth fixer, the complete conformist; with his world in ruins about him, he realises he has throughout his life believed in nothing. Having seduced his ex-step-daughter, he drowns himself. Mr Auchincloss is very adroit; he writes an extremely polished professional novel, another of the many showing how American success has turned sour in the American belly. But he seems to me to have nothing new to add about this, mainly, I think, because Farish is a dummy. Like many American novelists, Mr Auchincloss relies overmuch on his ability, which is great, to describe a social milieu. The milieu is so immediately convincing that one feels the characters within it must be no less convincing. In fact, when one abstracts Farish from his setting all one has is a pretty tenuous, case-history. But characters are more than their case-histories; which is why it is nonsense to talk about Mr Auchincloss, for all his obvious talents, and James and Edith Wharton in the same breath. Mr Auchincloss is a glossier O'Hara – and I don't mean the O'Hara of *Appointment in Samarra*.

There can be no question of the immediate reality of Mr Algren's characters. Horrible though they are in their sub-humanity, his small-time hoods and punch-drunk pugs and brothel-keepers convince from the word go; and as a picture of the American big-city jungle *Never Come Morning* is scarifying enough. Richard Wright's description, in his introduction, of Algren's imagination – 'innocent, bold, vivid, and poetic' – seems to me just; but Mr Wright goes on almost to suggest that Algren's material is new in American fiction. It is not at all. It is over twenty years since James Farrell wrote *Studs Lonigan*, set in the same city of Chicago among Catholic immigrant families, and Mr Algren's Bruno Bicek is a Polish Lonigan. Like his forbear, Bicek's life is governed by crude fantasies of grandeur, in Bicek's case to be heavyweight champion of the world. When the book ends, he is being indicted, at the age of 18, for murder. The differences between Farrell and Algren, I think, are in Farrell's favour. Algren is Whitmanesque: 'I feel I am one of them – I belong to these convicts and prostitutes myself'. The strength of Farrell's novel comes from the values implicit in it, by which Lonigan is judged. There are no values at all in *Never Come Morning*, though there is sentimentality. All the same, Algren is a real poetic novelist, compared with whom Mr Auchincloss is just another purveyor of high-class packaged goods.

Miss Sully is a novelist whose work – *Burden of the Seed* is her fifth book – has not come my way before. She has been very highly praised, and I am happy to join in the chorus, for she is a remarkable writer. She is, it seems to me, an original, and because she is an original the quality of her work is not easily conveyed. Certainly an account of the plot will not convey it. She tells the story of Stephanas Wain from boyhood to middle age, from his upbringing in a decayed house by two elderly spinster aunts to his return, after the war and after many sexual adventures, impotent to his wife on a farm in North Devon. The haunted quality of the early chapters reminded me of a seedy de la Mare, but the total impact of the novel is much more like that of a long short story by D. H. Lawrence. There is a similar impression of unique experience and the creation of a world bathed in its own light, though, with Miss Sully, the nature of that light is not readily analysable in terms of the language she uses, which is as plain as it could be and, sentence by sentence, unremarkable. But she renders her characters stripped to their essentials, and the result is a singular poetry mysterious in its very plainness. Miss Sully is most definitely someone to be read.

Alas, Miss Tracy has not brought it off this time. She is still investigating the self-deceptions of the Irish imagination, but the characters she has invented in *The Prospects are Pleasing* are conceived too much as figures of fun to carry the criticism of modern Ireland that is implied. The *dénouement* seems to me quite unworthy of Miss Tracy. But there is one chapter, an account of a Church of Ireland parish garden party and the events leading up to it, that is very funny indeed.

WALTER ALLEN

Rehabilitation

Life Plus 99 Years. By NATHAN LEOPOLD. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

One of the things that was repeatedly stressed back in 1924 at the trial of Leopold and Loeb, was the high intelligence of both young men. There is plenty of evidence of this in Leopold's prison autobiography which appears in this country soon after the news of his release. It is a deeply interesting book and in its own way a distinctly encouraging one. To be given a life-sentence (plus 99 years) for a mad murder committed when one was an undergraduate, and to emerge from it in middle age, 34 years later, to all intents and purposes sane and sociable, having spent one's time in prison as constructively as possible: this is unquestionably something of a spiritual achievement.

Leopold is reticent about one thing, and that is the actual committing of the crime. This, he says, he cannot bring himself to discuss. He starts his story on the day his spectacles were discovered close to the body of Bobby Franks. The first 90 pages are taken up with police interrogation and the trial, with a good deal about Clarence Darrow, his counsel. Of Loeb, who was undoubtedly the dominant one of the pair, he gives a character-sketch more by implication than direct statement. He seems to have been all charm and vitality, one of those manic personalities who can sweep people along with them. Whereas Loeb seems to have had almost no super-ego, Leopold seems as if he might have had too much, so long as he did not come under the influence of Loeb. A psychoanalyst might very well, I think, interpret him as one of those who are impelled by a deep inner sense of guilt. That he should have left his glasses there after all that careful planning – for they were intending to commit the perfect detective-story crime rather than a Gidean *acte gratuit* – really does seem rather significant.

Most of Leopold's sentence was served in Statesville with some intervals during his early years in Joliet where conditions were below average. His rougher experiences included some

Nelson's Letters to his Wife

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spells in the Hole, or punishment cells. From one of these he was unlocked by rioters but he wisely stayed put and escaped the repercussions that followed the stabbing of the deputy-warden. There is plenty of typical prison incident, even taming a robin, though Leopold is rather too introverted by nature to make a chronicler. His fellow prisoners do not seem to have made much impression. The times when his book comes most truly to life are when he is describing the various intellectual projects which the authorities, to their credit, allowed him and Loeb to undertake.

In Statesville, after the riots, they took over the remains of the library and set up a Statesville Correspondence College, which eventually covered every subject in the high school curriculum and beyond, up to first year university standard. Another task was a detailed sociological research into methods of predicting how men would react to parole of which Leopold's study, *Predicting Criminality*, was published anonymously.

Loeb died in 1936, cut almost literally to pieces with a razor by a fellow-prisoner, a hysterical psychopath. Leopold carried on the correspondence school but was later transferred to the prison hospital and worked in the X-ray rooms and the mental wards. During the war he volunteered as a guinea-pig for a team of bacteriologists investigating cures for malaria, and gives a vivid account of his sensations in various stages of fever. He writes clearly, with copious detail. His temperament seems to be that of the mildly obsessional scientist. He gives you an impression of painstaking sincerity and makes no attempt to decorate his personality with anything remotely resembling charm.

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All Our Woe?

The Decision to Intervene. By GEORGE KENNAN. *Faber*. 50*s*.

In the Twenties and Thirties very many people – and not only on the Left in politics – thought that all our woe, or nearly all our woe, came from the intervention of the Allies in Russia against the Bolsheviks and in support of the White armies and generals, and from the Versailles Treaty. The first gave us the implacable hostility of the Soviet Government, the second gave us Hitler and the second world war. In the kaleidoscope of history and events opinion has shifted or wobbled, and neither of these views is today held by as many people or as strongly as they were twenty or even ten years ago. Judgment about intervention in Russia has probably shifted less than that about the Versailles Treaty. Although the West would almost certainly have enjoyed the implacable hostility of Soviet Russia in any case, very many people still think that the military support of Kolchak and Denikin by Britain, France, and the United States was a disastrous mistake, and not only because the military adventure failed so ignominiously. The Russian propaganda story of the wicked capitalists of the West attacking the innocent communist lamb has been and still is extraordinarily successful.

Mr George Kennan now gives us, with great patience and skill, the true story of these remarkable events. His book is the second volume of his work *Soviet-American Relations, 1917-1920*. In his first volume he dealt with the events which led to the Brest-Litovsk Treaty and to Russia leaving the war; it ended therefore with 3 March 1918. In 472 pages of his new volume he recounts in meticulous detail the events of the few months between March and October, 1918, which culminated with President Wilson's decision of 6 July to intervene in Siberia, the dispatch of American troops, and the final exodus of Americans from Moscow. Mr Kennan is a literary and historical wizard. A long experience of politico-historical books of this kind leads one to expect a work of terrifying worthiness and boredom. The foreboding was unjustified. Mr Kennan has written a book which holds one's interest from the first page to the last and he does this in a miraculous way without for one instant playing down to an imaginary 'popular' audience or compromising as a serious historian. Somehow or other he has contrived to give the excitement of a first-rate detective story to a serious historical investigation.

There are various reasons for his success. He is himself intensely aware of the importance and the interest of the curious story, how and why in face of the persistent opposition of President Wilson and the Americans to intervention in the hectic first half of 1918, the wheels of fate and history turned inexorably in the opposite direction to the fateful and fatal decision of President Wilson and the Americans on 6 July to intervene. It was said above that, intervention or no intervention, Britain and the USA would have enjoyed the implacable hostility of the Soviet Republic whether under Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, or Mr Krushchev. This judgment seems to me indisputable; but it does not alter the fact that the decision to intervene was both fatal and stupid. One of the most fascinating things about Mr Kennan's book is that he traces in such precise detail the steps by which ignorance and stupidity led inexorably to this fatal decision. The actual process was very different from the legendary picture of it which came to be accepted by communists, socialists, or capitalists. There is very little evidence of the wicked capitalist wolves having played much part in staging a murderous attack upon the innocent communist sheep praying for peace and quiet under the Christlike leadership of Lenin, Trotsky, and Chicherin. It is true that from a fairly early date influential French and British politicians and military men were in favour of some form of intervention, and that in the later stages of negotiations the French and British Governments persistently applied great pressure upon Wilson to obtain his consent to intervention. That there were capitalist groups and interests vaguely and generally in favour of action in Russia, and that they supported and encouraged the governmental and military groups who also favoured it, is highly probable. But Mr Kennan's narrative shows clearly that the main determinants of President Wilson's change of mind and of the decision to intervene were the following. First, the position in Archangel and Murmansk and the fear of Germany establishing a base there (secondarily, the question of the Allies' war supplies). Second, the perpetual pressure of those who argued that it was necessary 'to do something' in face of the dangerous situation on the Western front caused by the disappearance of an Eastern front. Finally, and most important of all, the situation created by the Japanese action in Vladivostok and the seizure of the Siberian railway by the Czechoslovak Legion. In all three cases the British, French, and American reasons for intervening were based upon inaccurate or false information.

The details of this strange story must be read in Mr Kennan's book. The reader will find that the story is greatly enlivened by Mr Kennan's skill in drawing character and analysing the motives of his dramatis personæ. His picture, for instance, of that curious American knight-errant, Raymond Robins, is masterly.

LEONARD WOOLF

The Humanists without Shakespeare

Every Man a Phœnix. By MARGARET BOTTRALL. *Murray*. 18*s*.

The rise of autobiography in the seventeenth century is the general theme of Mrs Bottrall's book. By way of more detailed study it considers individual works within this genre – Browne's *Religio Medici*, Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography, Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, Richard Baxter's *Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times* (published posthumously as *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*). Lady Halkett's autobiography also receives more than passing notice, while a common-sense refusal to stand on formal distinctions means that biography is not altogether excluded, and there are brief excursions into Antiquity, the Middle Ages and the Italian Renaissance.

Mrs Bottrall argues insistently, even repetitiously, that the *raison d'être* of autobiography is to be found in the urge towards self-scrutiny which manifested itself towards the end of Elizabeth's reign. This self-scrutiny took all sorts of forms – scientific, whimsical-literary, neurotic, confessional: its extraordinary prevalence is the point Mrs Bottrall wants to make, and she illustrates this point with many examples, of which some are very well known (Montaigne's *'Chaque homme porte la forme entière de l'humaine condition'* is the neatest rationalisation in the book), while others, like Sir John Davies and his *Nosce Teipsum*, are entrenched in the English Literature courses without enjoying European fame.

Introspection, then, was rife at this time. Its chief causes were 'humanism and puritanism, both urging upon men the extreme importance of individual responsibility'. And although this is a perfectly familiar argument, it is worth repeating because it clarifies an issue which is often confused in modern renderings of the Renaissance. The fashion nowadays is either to medievalise the Renaissance or else to parcel it out in little driblets through the centuries, stretching forwards to the Industrial Revolution and backwards to Bologna and beyond; with the result that the idea has been gaining ground that nothing out of the way happened around the year 1600.

In fact a revolution was taking place very rapidly in attitudes to life and death, and one welcomes in Mrs Bottrall's book the reassertion of an old and wholesome truth. Unfortunately its impact is dulled by her inability to see any connection between the giant of the time and the general mind-movement which she is tracing. Shakespeare, she says, is irrelevant because 'in his complete absorption in his themes he eliminates himself'; and she ventures the judgment that 'the dramatic method of exploring human nature . . . is diametrically opposed to the introspective and autobiographical'. This is absurd. Shakespeare may have been utterly unlike Hamlet the Prince, but *Hamlet* the play – a literary sensation when it appeared – is a most powerful articulation of the restless and probing individualism which is the subject of Mrs Bottrall's book. This element is held in check by Shakespeare and known for what it is, whereas in some of his immediate successors – Webster and Tourneur – a naked, hysterical subjectivism takes charge of the play. But the spirit of the age runs purest in Hamlet, especially in his nervous fondling of death as the only means of escape from the boxed-in life of the self, the life of willing, acting and suffering, which is not a proven failure. A study of seventeenth-century introspective autobiography without Hamlet is a case of *Hamlet* without the Prince.

JOHN JONES

Cardinal York

The Cardinal King. By BRIAN FOTHERGILL. *Faber.* 30s.

The subject of this biography, Henry Benedict Thomas Edward Maria Clement Xavier Stuart, was undoubtedly a Prince of the Church and a Cardinal of Rome, but by no stretch of the imagination (except his own and that of devout Jacobites like Mr Fothergill) was he King Henry IX of Great Britain, as he fondly dubbed himself in his old age. As younger brother of the Young Pretender he was second-string candidate for the Stuart inheritance to the throne. So little did he think of his royal prospects that he deliberately embraced the solid advantages of a spiritual career in preference to any temporal advancement that might come his way. Under the stress of puberty he had developed a religious obsession. At the age of 17 he was spending a regular three and a half hours a day on his knees and going from church to church to attend Mass. After the failure of the Forty-Five he accepted his vocation and persuaded his father, the Old Pretender, to get the Pope to make him a cardinal, when he was barely 22 years old. By the time his brother, Bonnie Prince Charlie, died after failing to produce a legitimate heir, Cardinal York was an elderly bachelor with engrained ecclesiastical habits who had no desire whatever to leave his comfortable palace at Frascati to go chasing after a wife or a throne. But the Stuart vanity was inexhaustible; and the old gentleman could not resist pretending to be a Pretender. Although not a soul in Europe could take him seriously, he had medals struck proclaiming himself King, 'by the grace of God'. And after Napoleon's invasion of Italy had frightened him away from Frascati and reduced him to comparative poverty, there came the final comic opera absurdity, when King Henry IX of England was not too proud to accept a pension of £4,000 a year from King George III of England, his abhorred rival.

Pope Benedict XIV remarked after an audience with young Henry Stuart that if all the family were as boring as Cardinal York he did not wonder that the English had driven them out; and, after hearing all that Mr Fothergill has to say on behalf of his chosen subject, readers will be inclined to share that enlightened Pope's opinion. The Cardinal must have been a profoundly uninteresting man, devoted to pomps and ceremonies, collecting books and works of art industriously, and distributing alms benevolently to the poor. Mr Fothergill is wise to distract our attention occasionally from the gilded cage at Frascati by introducing some of the more lively Jacobite personages, such as the Young Pretender, his wife the Duchess of Albany and her enterprising lover, the poet Alfieri. But there was one not at all boring occasion in Henry Stuart's life, when his destiny was in the balance: Mr Fothergill dismisses it in all too short a paragraph. In 1745, when Charles Edward had already landed in Scotland, his brother was expected to join in the enterprise with a Spanish fleet that had been offered him. Henry reached Avignon and stayed there for two months – delayed by a fever. What kind of a fever? A remarkably psychosomatic one

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Hilary Seton (*Sunday Times*)

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CONSTABLE

to all appearance. When he recovered he moved off to Paris to talk to Louis XV instead of to Madrid to fight for a throne. The Forty-Five was a touch and go affair for a few crucial months. Had Henry Stuart preferred the helmet to the red hat he just conceivably might have ended up as Henry IX.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,490 **Set by Keyboard**

30 September is billed as Secretaries' Day. The usual prizes are offered for verses (limit 16 lines) to be left by the boss on the typewriter that morning, to greet the secretary of – an editor, a Cabinet Minister, a headmistress, a big business-man, a trade union leader, a film star *or* a turf accountant. Entries by 23 September.

Result of No. 1,487 **Set by L. Clarendon**

A lyric submitted some years ago to a well-known composer began –

> The cows are feeding in the zephyrs;
> Some are cows and some are heifers. . . .

Competitors are invited to complete this lyric by an additional 10 lines of appropriate verse.

Report

Competitors rose nobly to the occasion and let themselves go, interpreting the word 'appropriate' in the most amusing ways. Flt-Lt G. K. Wilson's love-lyric had the right fervour, while E. C. Jenkins sounded a topical note with 'Strontium 90 in the pasture'; B. E. V. Sabine turned the whole thing into a Ford advertising jingle. Annie Allen's musical directions were nice ('bassoons moo frantically'); and I liked Ervin Henning's

> The birds sing songs of love so tender
> to similar birds of the other gender.

Two guineas to P. M., one to each of the others printed. Almost as prizeworthy were R. W. Rawlings, D. L. L. Clarke, J. R. Till, Anthea Holloway, R. W. and Gogmagog.

GOOD DIGESTION

The cows are feeding in the zephyrs,
Some are cows and some are heifers,
The old serenely crop the hummocks,
They don't complain about their stomachs
Or warn their young, with jaundiced lip,
By tales of bulrush and cowslip:
Contented, they accept God's mercies.

What secret is there up your Jersies,
Ladies, that turns to such wise counsel
Bugloss and *Mugwort*, *Stinking Groundsel*,
Garlic, and rough rude things like that? . . .
Of course you have your answer pat.

P. M.

The cows are feeding in the zephyrs;
Some are cows and some are heifers,
Some are bulls but all are kine
Dedicate to Proserpine,
Apis or perchance to Io,
(Someone of that Classic trio)
There they graze tree-shaded unless
Summer-time should prove all sunless
And her raindrops clutter up
Daisy, blade, and buttercup
And with watery wetness cover
Every wishful four-leaved clover.

NANCY GUNTER

The cows are feeding in the zephyrs;
Some are cows and some are heifers.
The ones with calves are wives and mothers,
Virgin heifers are the others

The zephyrs shimmer o'er the grasses,
Where the laden hay-wain passes.
At opening time the gaffers parley
In the *Crown*, of wheat and barley.

The village maids, each with her suitor
Townward hie, by jeep and scooter
To the Odeon, Ritz or Palais;
And night falls calm on hill and valley.

ALBERICK

Cows are feeding in the zephyrs;
Some are cows and some are heifers.
Horses whicker through the apples;
Two are chestnut, four have dapples.
Fruit hangs heavy in the noon;
Half is green and half maroon.
Blossoms brighten up the hours;
Some are weeds and some are flowers.
Ruddy cheeks in all the locals—
Which are gents' and which are yokels'?
Milkmaids linger near the spot;
Some are maids and some are not.

PAMELA SINCLAIR

The cows are feeding in the zephyrs;
Some are cows and some are heifers.

The swains are romping in the dairies;
Some are swains and some are fairies.

While maids are drinking milk in mouthfuls;
Some are maids and some are doubtfuls.

The fauns tread measures corybantic;
Some are fauns and some are frantic.

The noblemen in chase are flying;
Some are noble, some still trying.

The swift seductions are quite frightening;
Summer swift and summer lightning.

JEREMIAH SOWERBY

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Company Meeting

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HIGHER TURNOVER AND PROFIT
CAPITAL ISSUE FORESHADOWED

The 24th ordinary general meeting of Purnell and Sons Limited will be held on September 26 in London.

The following is the statement by the Chairman and Managing Director, Mr W. Harvey: —

Before dealing with the Accounts I wish to refer to the loss the Company has sustained by the recent death of our colleague on the Board, Mr W. F. Harvey. Mr W. F. Harvey joined the business thirty years ago, being one of the original Managers on whom fell the difficulties of the early days of the Company. He was appointed a Director in 1945. During the whole of his connection with the business he never spared himself in the service of, and in loyalty to, the Company. He was greatly respected by his Colleagues on the Board and by the employees whose problems he reviewed with kindness and understanding, and all associated with the Company will miss his help and co-operation.

It gives me much pleasure to submit to you the Accounts of the Company for the year 1957. The Profit of the Group for the year, before providing for Taxation, is £712,385 as compared with £643,938 in 1956, an increase of £68,447. From this Profit has to be deducted Taxation £416,527, which with the adjustment in respect of Minority Shareholders, leaves a balance of Profit for the year of £296,325 as compared with £271,914. To this year's Profit is to be added the balance brought forward from the previous year of £825,776 and Tax no longer required £8,552, making the balance available for allocation £1,130,653. From this amount your Directors have utilised £150,000 to write down the Goodwill, £10,000 has been transferred to the General Reserve in a Subsidiary Company which, together with Dividends to Shareholders amounting to £125,376, leaves a balance to be carried forward of £845,277 as compared with £825,776.

The increase in the Company's contribution of Pensions for the Directors has been offset by a reduction in the remuneration of an equal amount. The overall increase is due to commission payable on increased Profit, the basis of remuneration being unchanged.

A GRATIFYING ACHIEVEMENT

It is gratifying that the Group Profit shows an increase in spite of the ever-increasing costs of both wages and materials. This result has only been achieved by the splendid co-operation of all employees enabling the Group to increase its turnover without any material increase in the selling price of its products.

The remaining half of the equity in a Company in which your Company already held a half share has been acquired during the year under review, and in consequence the Accounts of this Subsidiary are included in the Group Accounts for the first time. The increase in the Current Assets and Liabilities in the Balance Sheet is largely due to this factor.

It is your Directors' intention to bring the Fixed Assets into the next Balance Sheet at a valuation figure which will show more accurately the real value of the Fixed Assets of the Company.

As I explained at the Annual General Meeting, the Government's appeal for the curtailment of capital expenditure and the stringent restrictions on the raising of fresh Capital prevented your Directors from implementing the proposal, referred to in my speech last year, to make an application to the Capital Issues Committee for permission to issue the balance of the Ordinary Share Capital, but, as the position has now improved, it is our intention to seek permission to enable the balance of the Ordinary Share Capital to be issued to our present Shareholders on attractive terms.

I am pleased to report that all branches in the Group have been working to capacity during the current year and that our Packaging Division is now making headway, and I anticipate satisfactory results for 1958.

Once again I wish to pay tribute to my colleagues on the Board, all of whom are full-time executives, and to express my thanks to the staff and to all employees for their services and co-operation.

City Lights

Up Again?

Anything in the week's ragbag? Well, there's the opening of the Montreal Conference, but nobody's going to be very interested in *that*. Quemoy? A small wet blanket on the market, rapidly drying out. Wall Street? Now that's a possibility. The Democrats have won in Maine, Mr Nixon has been calling for tax cuts and inflation seems more inevitable and attractive than ever: industrial equity prices in New York are now only a fraction below the high point, three times touched but never yet passed, and if they push through it the effect on London markets will be gibberellic.

Anything else? There's the Beecham victory over Schweppes in the Corona affair at a bid price as good for shareholders as it is bad for soft drinkers. There's tin and the tin support scheme, both of which still look extremely queasy for all the restrictions imposed on Russian supplies. And there's the Midland Bank's personal accounts scheme – an expensive sprat to catch an elusive mackerel whose appearance has annoyed the other banks extremely.

* * *

There has also been a boomlet in Kaffir shares, Verwoerd or no Verwoerd. Two recent announcements have encouraged investors to believe that South Africa, at least its goldmining industry, will in fact be able to raise the overseas capital it desperately needs. The first is that a financial syndicate in New York has formed a new company to invest in South African gold shares; some £8m of shares have already been acquired from the mining finance houses and the stock of the investment company is to be offered to the public very soon. The issue is likely to interest British and French as well as American investors. In the first place, the new company proposes to plough back the major part of its income and its shareholders will receive the major part of *their* income in the form of steady, tax-free capital appreciation. In the second place, the company has arranged with the South African central bank that it should be free, for the next ten years, to withdraw its original capital investment at the original rate of exchange. If South Africa were to devalue, therefore, and there were to be a corresponding rise in the price of gold and gold shares, the company would be able to sell its holdings and repatriate a large part of the proceeds at the pre-devaluation rate of exchange, making a considerable capital profit. If Britain were to devalue at the same time, of course, the British investor would make a double killing – and even a third on the dollar premium.

The second announcement is from Germany. De Beers recently agreed with the Tanganyika government to go half shares in the Williamson diamond mine: the transaction will cost it £4m-odd in foreign exchange and the South African central bank was anxious to have an equivalent sum raised abroad. Anglo-American Corporation has now arranged to lend De Beers its £4m and to raise the same amount from a German bank through an issue of convertible bonds. These will be re-offered to the German public and the issue, if successful, may create a new appetite and a new source of capital.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 461. The Grandmaster's Tears

Well, not quite a grandmaster, not officially yet, though the title, I trust, will be earned by Bobby Fischer before he is much older than 15, still young enough to cry when losing a game. For such tears, though, the occasions are as rare as the boy's 4th round loss to Benkö:

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-KKt3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; (4) P-K4, P-Q3; (5) P-B3, P-K4; (6) KKt-K2, O-O; (7) B-Kt5, PxP; (8) KtxP, Kt-B3; (9) Kt-B2, B-K3; (10) B-K2, P-KR3; (11) B-R4, P-KKt4; (12) B-R2, Kt-K4; (13) Kt-K3, P-B3; (14) O-O, Q-R4; (15) Q-Q2, KR-Q1; (16) KR-Q1, P-R3; (17) P-QR4, Q-B2; (18) P-R5, P-B4; (19) P-R4, Q-K2; (20) PxP, PxP; (21) Kt-B5, BxKt; (22) PxB, P-K5; (23) B-R4, Q-B1; (24) PxP, KtxP; (25) BxKt, KtxB; (26) Q-Kt5, Kt-B3; (27) R-Q3, Kt-R2; (28) Q-Kt4, P-B3; (29) Kt-Q5, Q-B2; (30) R-K1, R-K1; (31) R (3)-K3, R-K4; (32) B-Kt3, RxR; (33) RxR, R-K1; (34) R-K6, Kt-Kt4; (35) RxQP, R-K5; (36) R-Q8 ch, K-R2; (37) B-B4, B-R3; (38) R-Q7!, R-K8 ch; (39) K-B2, Kt-K5 ch; (40) KxR, QxR; (41) Q-Kt6 ch.

Here Bobby resigned and retired to his room to have a good cry, the privacy of the outburst being vouched for in a most interesting interim report which Harold Lommer, our Hon. Juror, kindly sent me from the Grandmaster-Conclave at Portoroz, but first let us behold young Fischer as a far from tearful conqueror, the victim being Larssen, the Dane, by all of 7 years the boy's senior and a grandmaster of some considerable standing.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; (6) B-K3, B-Kt2; (7) P-B3, O-O; (8) Q-Q2, Kt-B3; (9) B-QB4, KtxKt; (10) BxKt, B-K3; (11) B-Kt3!, Q-R4; (12) O-O-O, P-QKt4; (13) K-Kt1, P-Kt5?; (14) Kt-Q5, BxKt; (15) BxB, QR-B1; (16) B-Kt3, R-B2; (17) P-KR4, Q-Kt4; (18) P-R5, R (1)-B1; (19) PxP, RPxP; (20) P-Kt4, P-R4; (21) P-Kt5, Kt-R4; (22) RxKt, PxR; (23) P-Kt6, P-K4; (24) PxP ch, K-B1; (25) B-K3, P-Q4; (26) PxP, RxKBP; (27) P-Q6, R-B3; (28) B-Kt5, Q-Kt2; (29) BxR, RxB; (30) P-Q7, R-Q1; (31) Q-Q6 ch, resigns.

Lommer praises the tournament's excellent organisation in that idyllic Adriatic resort. The only hitch, so far, occurred when Tal was pushed into (and pulled out of) the deep blue sea by eager press-photographers, unaware of the grandmaster's inability to swim. One of the sensations of the tournament (quoth Lommer) is Szabo's young Hungarian bride, too beautiful not to 'szabotage' the grandmaster's game, such as in this position, /3r3k/1p1P2pp/1pkt2pb1/8/2p5/6PB/P4P1P/3RR1K1/. With the bliss of his honeymoon as the only solace, this is how Szabo (Black) succumbed to Olafsson's elegant finish:

(31) R-Kt1, Kt-K4; (32) RxKt!, PxR; (33) RxP, B-K5; (34) R-K6, B-B3; (35) RxP, K-Kt1; (36) R-QB5, K-B2 (BxP?); (37) RxP, K-K2; (38) P-B4, R-QR1; (39) R-Q4, K-Q1; (40) B-K6, R-R8; (41) P-B5, R-K8, (42) R-KKt4, resigns.

And here, to quote Lommer, is 'a colossal blunder'. In this position—/3b4/8/1p2k1P1/p2p4/P2B2K1/1P6/16//—Cardoso, hopelessly lost, tried the innocent swindle . . . B—B3. How could White have won quite easily? And why did he 'chuck' a point by P—Kt7? This might as well provide A the 4-pointer for beginners. The victim, incidentally, was none other than Averbakh, one of the few grandmasters who happen to be great study-composers too. C—White to win—is one of his most subtle efforts. 7 ladder-points for this, and 6 for B, a 2-mover composed at Portoroz and dedicated to the congress which, by the time this goes to press, should have provided the finalists to join Smyslov and Keres in next year's 'candidates' tournament'. Usual prizes. Entries by 22 September.

B: Ellerman 1958

C: Averbakh 1955

REPORT on No. 458. Set 23 August

A: (1) P x P ch, Kt x Q; (2) R x Kt ch, Q-K3; (3) R x Q ch, K-Q2. (4) R-B6 etc.

B: (1) R-B8 ch, Q x R; (2) Q-Q6 ch, R x Q: (3) Kt-K5 mate

C: (1) Q-B1 ch, R-R5 (best); (2) Q-QB4!!, Q-Q1 (best) (3) Q-R6 ch, Q-R4 (best); (4) Kt-Kt6 ch!!, P x Kt; (5) Q-B4!, Q-R1 (2); (6) Q-R2 ch etc.

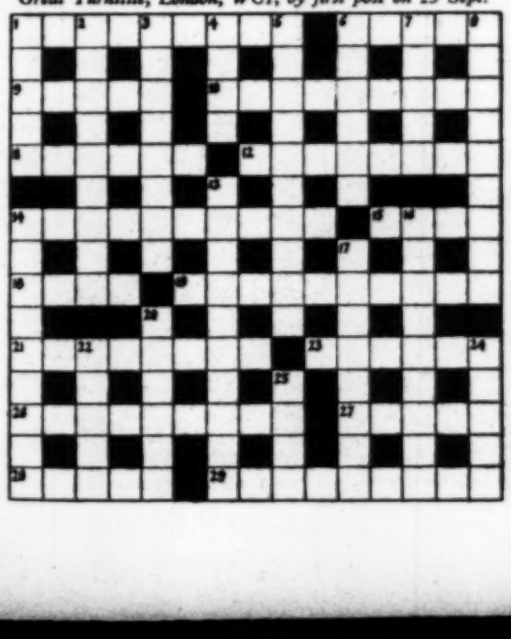
if (3) . . . K-Kt6; (4) Q-R2 ch, K-B6; (5) Q-QB2 ch, K-Q5; (6) Q-Q2 ch etc.

An easy lot and plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, K. Beaumont, W. H. L. Brooking, D. H. R. Shallybrass, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 320

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 320, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 23 Sept.



ACROSS

1. It stores a source of heat and distributes share gold (9).
6. Signs of approval for bloodsuckers (5).
9. Bump and mainly snatch back (5).
10. A protection from the wet, but it has to put the council in the water (9).
11. 'A great —— and little minds go ill together' (Burke) (6).
12. The French back pursues the pursuer in verse (8).
14. Instrument which has to act as substitute for a singer (10).
15. For presenting a play this male needs gin inside (4).
17. Put us four back in sight (4).
18. The opponent of religion is a fantastic figure with a patchwork shirt (10).
21. More time on part of a plane (8).
23. Devised or victimised (6).
26. They result from breaches of the rules in quiet backstreet matches (9).
27. 'By —— roots the violets blow' (Tennyson) (5).
28. It is stupid starting with studies (5).
29. Depart with a magician as preacher (9).

DOWN

1. Star born in a storm (5).
2. Writing for exercise in a converted cruiser (9).
3. Impose a new decision and make a mistake in part of the plant (8).
4. A two-party formation is something extinct (4).
5. A short price may be exchanged for this living (10).
6. Place in which one has to kill duck (6).
7. Seat with a kind of stuffing in the bottom (5).
8. Incidental illustration of pretentiousness on a programme (9).
13. If the party were cancelled the desertion would become a prohibition (10).
14. Practised exploitation against a rising foreigner indeed (9).
16. Universal speed in examination is concerned with success (9).
17. A drink on time, though there isn't much to be had (8).
20. Cereal which provides me with a story (6).
22. Material in a book Lenin once wrote (5).
24. Teacher or benefactor (5).
25. Deity which needs a little credit for creating an emergency (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 318

M	I	D	R	I	F	F	■	W	E	A	V	E	R	S
E	■	O	■	N	■	A	■	E	■	I	■	R	■	L
A	U	N	T	S	■	E	S	P	E	R	A	N	T	O
N	■	C	■	E	■	R	■	T	■	C	■	E	■	W
D	I	A	T	R	I	B	E	■	C	R	A	S	S	I
E	■	S	■	Y	■	O	■	P	■	A	■	■	■	S
R	A	T	S	■	R	O	Y	A	L	F	L	U	S	H
■	■	E	■	S	■	T	■	R	■	T	■	■	■	■
C	A	R	T	W	H	E	E	L	S	■	S	T	A	R
M	■	■	A	■	R	■	I	■	O	■	S	■	E	■
A	I	M	I	N	G	■	T	A	M	P	E	R	E	D
P	■	A	■	K	■	R	■	M	■	O	■	M	■	D
M	A	S	T	I	C	A	T	E	■	R	H	O	N	E
A	■	O	■	N	■	I	■	N	■	T	■	S	■	E
M	O	N	A	G	O	N	■	T	R	O	T	T	E	R

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SOCIAL WORKERS (male or female) required for duties in regard to the Mental Health Service, and/or Care of the Aged and Socially Inadequate Families. It is desirable that candidates should hold a Social Science Diploma or equivalent qualification, or have had suitable experience in comparable posts.

Salary Grade APT. I (£575-£725) for qualified appointments. Posts superannuable, medical examination.

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, present and previous appointments (with dates and salaries) and two referees to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1, by 20 September 1958.

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Town Clerk.

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Applications, giving age, qualifications, etc., naming three referees, and quoting reference PSW/4, to Medical Superintendent by 6 October 1958.

MINISTRY of Supply Research and Development Establishments, mainly in southern half of England, require (a) Senior Scientific Officers (min. age 26) and (b) Scientific Officers for work in Physics, electronics, electrical or mechanical engineering, applied mathematics, aerodynamics, chemistry or metallurgy. 1st or 2nd class hons. Degree or equiv. required and for SSO at least 3 years' post graduate experience. Starting salary in range (a) £1,130-£1,330, (b) £595-£1,050 (male, in provinces). Rates for women reaching equality in 1961. Superannuation under FSSU. Opportunity for those under 32 to compete for established posts. Candidates should indicate fields of work in which interested. At National Gas Turbine Establishment, Pyestock, Hants, houses available for letting to married staff, and opportunities for new graduates to have workshop training. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quote A.300/8A).

BBC requires English Talks Producer, Far Eastern Service. English Talks Unit is responsible for the production of spoken word programmes in English directed to predominantly Asian audiences. Duties include formulation of ideas for, and production of, talks, talks/features, discussions, etc. Essential qualifications: ability to originate scripts for production, to edit contributors' scripts and to broadcast, when required. Practical knowledge of production technique for broadcasting an advantage. Candidates must have an informed interest in contemporary developments in Asia, and in current affairs generally. More specialised interests such as scientific and technological developments could prove valuable. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.790, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Department of Classics. Applications are invited for appointment to a post of Lecturer in the Department of Classics. Duties are to be assumed on 1 January 1959, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the post is on the scale £850 × £50 - £1200 p.a., plus a temporary cost of living allowance of £234 per annum in the case of a married man. Membership of the Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution of 7 per cent of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership. Intending applicants may obtain further information from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 30 September 1958.

NUFFIELD College, Oxford. Secretary to the Warden required. Applications stating age, experience and salary required and names of two referees to reach the Warden by 30 September.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant Head of Far Eastern Service to be responsible to Head of Far Eastern Service for planning and supervision of vernacular programmes directed to South East Asia and the Far East and for production of English programmes for Asian audiences. Holder will be required to study conditions in territories mentioned and reaction in them to BBC broadcasts. Necessary qualifications are administrative experience, organising ability, and knowledge of the Far East; keen interest in international affairs generally and in present day Far Eastern political, social and cultural developments also essential. Salary £1,725 rising by seven annual increments to £2,345 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.793 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Talks Producer, North American Service. Duties include formulation of ideas for, and production of, discussions, talks and talks features for re-broadcasting in North America. Essential qualifications: sound education, good general knowledge, appreciation of style of the spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in men and women of all kinds. Interest in current affairs, first-hand knowledge of United States and Canada, their people and affairs, and some experience of writing, an advantage. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.786, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Senior Lecturership or Lectureship in Social Anthropology. The Council invites applications for the above position. The appointee will be expected to give introductory and advanced courses on the theory of Social Anthropology and Ethnography. Preference will be given to candidates who have done research on Polynesia or are prepared to undertake such work. The appointment will be made either at the grade of a Senior Lecturer or Lecturer, depending upon the qualifications of the successful applicant. The salary scale for a Senior Lecturer is £1,315 - £1,615, rising by three annual increments; and for a Lecturer is £1,025 - £1,275 by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 30 September, 1958.

LONDON County Council. Educational Psychologists. Applications are invited for two appointments in the Schools' Psychological Service of the Council. Applicants should possess good academic and professional qualifications in educational psychology: general teaching and clinical experience are essential. Service with a local authority will be an advantage. The Council's educational psychologists, in addition to clinical duties and educational guidance in day schools, share opportunities for work in the special boarding schools and in the supervision of day classes for maladjusted children and of remedial classes for retarded children. A Teachers' Centre, with a department for remedial education was opened recently. Salary: £962 10s. to £1,482 10s. (under review); commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms, with full details, from the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/E), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 19 September, 1958.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry (University of London). Applications are invited for the appointment of Librarian which will become vacant in October. The Library is a specialised one. The successful applicant will be expected in due course to plan and reorganise the Library in a new building. Applicants should possess a recognised professional diploma and should preferably have experience of a special library. An Honours Degree would be an additional qualification. Salary scale: £760 × £25 - £910 (including London allowance), FSSU and family allowance. Application forms, to be returned within 14 days, from Sec., Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5.

PSYCHOLOGIST or Social Scientist with an interest in statistics required for an investigation into the prevalence and social concomitants of maladjustment and delinquency in school children. The project, which is sponsored by the Medical Research Council, is directed by Dr J. W. B. Douglas, Usher Institute, Edinburgh 9, to whom applications with the names of two referees, or further inquiries, should be sent. Salary £800-£850 plus FSSU allowance.

PORTMAN Clinic (ISTD), 8 Bourdon St, Davies St, W1. Child Psychotherapist. Suitably trained and experienced lay worker required for 3 sessions a week to conduct play therapy groups and individual treatments. A high standard is required. Salary £2 7s. 6d. per session. Application, with 2 recent testimonials or names of 2 referees, to be sent to Administrative Officer by 20 Sept.

INTELLIGENT and efficient secretary required by executive of large publishing house. Five-day week. Write, stating age, experience and salary required to Box 3115.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Educational Psychologist reqd at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre. Salary, Soulbury II, £1,150-£1,400 (male), £1,094 6s.-£1,319 9s (female). Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent. Recognised clinical training, teaching exper. & previous exper. as Educational Psychologist desirable. Prescribed conditions. Application form (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street, SW1, returnable by 5 October. (Quote Y.109 NS.) Canvassing disqualifies

---

LONDON County Council. Senior Inspector of Physical Education (man) required. Duties to include organising, inspecting and advising upon all forms of physical education for boys and men in educational establishments maintained or assisted by the Council, and responsibility for the College of Physical Education and the general co-ordination of the work of the physical education inspectorate. Salary £2,150 × £100 - £2,450, commencing salary above the minimum if appropriate. Application form PE/A with full details from the Education Office (EO/Estab. 2/P), the County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 26 September, 1958. (1624)

UNITED Nations Association requires (a) National Officer for Scotland, (b) Regional Officer for North West England. £650 × £25 to £800 plus family allowances & travelling expenses. Knowledge of international affairs, administrative & speaking experience. Form & particulars on receipt of stamped fscp. envelope from UNA, 25 Charles St, London W1. Applicns by 20 Sept.

YOUNG Commercial Artist wanted for machine tool maker's studio. Finished art work for catalogues, etc.; chance to design. Knowledge of typography not necessary. Completed NS. F. J. Edwards Ltd, 359 Euston Rd, London, NW1.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

SALUTE to Paul Robeson', by William Gallacher; 'Labour's Education Policy', by Brian Simon; 'Flight From the Summit', by Quaestor. In Labour Monthly. Post free 1s. 8d., or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N3.

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ST JOHN'S Wood. Newly dec. divan room, use tel., c.h.w. 3 gns. MAI. 2848.

FURNISHED flat Maida Vale, 2 large rooms, kitchen, share bathroom; linen, china, etc., supplied. Suit prof. woman. £4 4s. Six months or longer. Box 3128.

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CANONBURY: furnished room for bachelor pref. graduate. Box 3111.

HAMPSTEAD s/c furn. flat for one. B/s, k. & b. £5. MAI. 6363. 12-2, 4-6 p.m.

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GRASS widow offers accom. for some help with yng children. RIChmond 2611.

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall. Cottage facing sea. 4 rms, k. & b. 14 Sept.-10 April. £2 p.w. or £50. Gillingham, Steep, Petersfield.

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ENGLISH writer & wife, returning from abroad mid-Sept., req. quiet furn. flat (£5-£6) Hampstead, North suburbs. Write Rubin, c/o ANZ Bank, 6 Albemarle St, W1.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), H. G. Clouzot's 'The Picasso Mystery' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 14 Sept.: Hepburn in 'Summer Madness' (A). From 15 Sept.: Franco Rossi's 'Amici Per La Pelle' (Friends for life) (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Wk c. 14 Sep. 7 days Katherine Hepburn, Burt Lancaster, 'The Rainmaker'. (A). 'The Black Ice'. (U).

CHINA. The event of the year. 9th Birthday Celebration. Dancing, Entertainment, Chinese food. Surprise Features. Porchester Hall. Queensway, W2. Saturday 27 Sept., 7.30 p.m. Tickets 6s 6d. Apply: BCFA, 228 Grays Inn Road, WC1.

EXHIBITIONS

DAVID Bomberg. Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, SW1. Till 4 October. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; admission 1s.

LITHOGRAPHS, Paintings and Drawings by the Senefelder Group of Artist Lithographers at the South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, SE5, 14 September – 4 October. Mon.-Sat. 10-6. Sun. 3-6. Adm. free.

EXHIBITION of sculpture, painting and furniture by Northern Artists and Craftsmen, Monday 15 to Saturday 27 September in the Modern Interiors on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, London, SW1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Adamowicz, Zanga and Sculptors of the Gallery. Till 20 September. Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, organised by the 'Sunday Pictorial', Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, London, W1. Daily (except Sundays) 10 to 7. Admission 1s., children (under 16) 6d. Until 30 September.

THE Waddington Galleries. Daryl Hill: Recent Paintings. Kenneth Mahood: Gouaches. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. XIX & XX Century European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproduction published today, Marquet's Le Port d'Audierne £3, tax 7s. 10d., from all good printshops or 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Gregory Fellowship Exhibition: Armitage, Butler, Dalwood, Davie, Frost, Froy. Till 20 Sept. Adm. 1s. Members free. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II Artists of Fame and Promise, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1 till 20th.

BRIGHTON, Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: 9-19 Sept. Daily 11-6, Suns 2-6. Closed Mons (Adjoins Aldgate East Stn). Preview: Recent Paintings by Seven British Artists. Exhibition organised by the British Council to tour Australian State Galleries in 1959.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions, Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. 15-27 Sept. Paintings by Norman Checketts, Marjorie Lance. Sculpture by George Fullard, Anne Howse, Joan Moore, John Plumb, Mahrenholz. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. MAY. 4419.

RECENT paintings by Leslie Dyer at Everyman Cinema, Hampstead. HAM. 1525. Daily from 1 Sept.-4 Oct.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

GALLERY One (GERrard 3529). African Batiks by Susanne Wenger.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Continuation of Summer Exhibition 1958 and Original Drawings & Lithographs by Denis Mathews for 'A Book of Burgundy'. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 25 Sept.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

VICTORY for Socialism. Discussion meeting. Industry your servant. 17 Sept. 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall. Bert Oram, MP, and Stephen Swingler, MP. Members and guests.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'Challenging the Establishment', Sir Richard Acland at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1, Wed 17 Sept., 7.30. Vis. 2s.

BAOSF and East Midlands Region of Labour Party. Symposium on Race Relations. Trades Hall, Thurland Street, Nottingham. J. Harrison MP, C. L. Chowdhary, Dr David Pitt and H. W. Crane, NUGMW. Sunday, 21 September 2.30 p.m. Tea 3s. 6d.

'FOOD and Farming'. Professor Dudley Stamp will open a popular Conference at the London School of Economics on Saturday 27 September, lecturing on Land Use in The Modern Community; other speakers will cover Feeding The Community (British & Overseas Problems) and The Second Agricultural Revolution. Fee 10s. (students 5s.) Details and application forms from Association of Agriculture, 53 Victoria Street, SW1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W11 (PARK 7696). Re-opening Fri., 12 Sept., 8 p.m. Serge Hackel: 'Icon Painting and the Liturgy' (illus. with slides). Thurs., 18 Sept., 8 p.m., Dr. E. Lampert: 'Nicholas Berdyaev' (tenth anniversary of his death). Courses in Russian, Beginners, Intermediate & Advanced.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 20 Sept. at 6 p.m. Mme A.-M. Matley (Alliance Française): 'Albert Camus'.

DISCUSSION Group, Bousefield Schl., Clareville St., Sth. Kensington, evening enrolment 15 Sept. onwards.

DRUID Order. Public Meetings held on the third Thurs. each month at Caxton Hall, 7.15 p.m. Enqs. welcomed. Miss J. Cox, c/o 70 Baron's Court Rd, London, W14.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday 14 Sept., 32 Tavistock Sq. Euston. L. G. Dawson: 'Peace Ultimate & Relative'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship, London Branch. 'Coffee Hour' meeting, Thurs., 18 Sept., 7.30 p.m., Universities & Left Review Club, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Joan Wicken, Ian Campbell, on 'Problems of Race Relations'.

HOSTETTLER reports Belfast Trial. Hammersmith Tn Hall, Wed. 17 Sept. 8 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 17 Sept., 6.30 sharp: 'Faith, Belief & Contemplation', George Blake. Buddhism teaches the origin and cure of suffering. Read 'The Middle Way' for Buddhist news and views, 2s. 10d. quarterly, post free. Information TAT. 1313.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns, 5 p.m.: Bhagavad-Gita, Thurs., 25 Sept., 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: Teachings Common to Six Systems of Indian Philosophy. Vedanta bimonthly 2s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture. Sunday 14 Sept. 8 p.m. 'Yoga, True and False'.

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Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenæum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: Inland 2½d. Foreign 2½d. Canada 1d